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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BLACK SLAVES IN THE UNITED STATES.
From Letters from the South, &c.

Dear Frank,—The blacks form a distinguishing feature in the Lowlands of the South; but diminish in numbers as you travel towards the mountains. They are of a great variety of shades,—from jet black to almost white. Indeed, I have seen some of them who were still kept in bondage, whose complexions were, rather lighter than their masters. I was much puzzled to account for these apparent caprices of nature in bestowing such singular varieties of complexion; but I soon found that she had good reason to justify her.

The negroes are in general a harmless race, although they are more apt than their masters to transgress the laws, because a great many things that are lawful to white men, are forbidden to the blacks. Being, in general, more ignorant than the whites of the poorer classes, they are of course more given to petty vices, and are, perhaps, not so honest. They seldom, however, commit any capital crime, except in revenge for a long series of execrable tyranny practised by some unfeeling brute of an owner or overseer. They seem, indeed, a gay, harmless, and unthinking race; for those who are likely to have few agreeable subjects for their thoughts, providence seems kindly to divert, in some degree, of the capacity to reflect long on any thing. They are by far the most musical of any portion of the inhabitants of the United States, and in the evening I have seen them reclining in their boats on the canal at Richmond, playing on the *banjo*, and singing in a style—I dare say, equal to a Venetian Gondolier. Then they whistle as clear as the notes of the life;—and their laugh is the very echo of thoughtless hilarity.

How would it mortify the pride of the white man, and humble his lordly sense of superiority, if it were indeed found, that these poor fellows were happier than those who affect to pity their miseries. And yet it is possible,—and, from my soul, I hope it is so; for then I should be relieved from certain doubts about the equal distributions of Providence, that confound me not a little. They certainly are exempt from many of the cares that beset their masters,—and instead of being in bondage to the future, and slaves to their offspring, have every assurance, that the sons of their old masters will be the masters of their sons, and keep them, at least, from want. Then they dance with a glee to which the vivacity of the French peasants is nothing; and indeed enjoy, with a much keener zest than we, all those

pleasures that spring from thoughtlessness of the past, and carelessness of the future. Their intervals of leisure are precious; for to those who labour hard, idleness is perfect enjoyment; and to swing upon a gate all day, is a luxury of which people who have nothing to do can form no conception. After all, indeed, the great distinction between the very idle and the very laborious, is, that the first lack leisure and luxuries—the last, appetite and employment. Don't mistake, and suppose that I am the advocate of slavery; for I hate it: and wish most sincerely and ardently, that there was not a man in our country that could stand up, and with his black finger point to the preamble of our constitution, which declares "all men are born free and equal"—and swear it was not true. But yet I am gratified when I can persuade myself, that a race of men which is found in this situation in almost every Christian land, is not without some little enjoyment that sweetens the bitter draught of slavery, and prevents its being gall.

Until they can be freed, without endangering the community, infringing the established rights of property, and rendering themselves even more wretched, it is some comfort to see them well treated by their masters. Woe, woe to the man who adds one feather to the weight they are destined to bear. He shall assuredly meet the vengeance of the Being who is all mercy to the weak and the ignorant—all justice to the wise and the strong. Woe to those, who, tempted by avarice, or impelled by vengeance, shall divide the parent from the offspring, and sell them apart in distant lands! a cruel and inhuman act;—for it is seldom we see the ties of kindred or of conjugal affection, stronger than in the poor negro. He will travel twelve, fifteen, or twenty miles to see his wife and children, after his daily labour is over, and return in the morning to his labour again. If he obtains his liberty, he will often devote the first years of his own to the purchase of their freedom;—thus setting an example of conjugal and parental affection, which the white man may indeed admire; but, it is feared, would seldom imitate.

I am led into these reflections by a rencontre we had yesterday, with a person who was on one of those expeditions to buy slaves for the Southern market. At one of the taverns along the road, we were set down in the same room with an elderly man, and a youth who seemed to be well acquainted with him; for they conversed familiarly, and with true republican independence—for they did not mind who heard them. From the tenor of his conversation, I was induced to look particularly at the elder, who was

an ill-looking, hard featured, pock-marked, black-bearded fellow, whom a jury would have hanged upon very doubtful evidence.

He was telling the youth something like the following detested tale:—He was going, it seems, to Richmond; to inquire about a draft for seven thousand dollars, which he had sent by mail, but which not having been acknowledged by his correspondent, he was afraid it had been stolen, and the money received by the thief. "I should not like to lose it," says he, "for I worked hard for it, and sold many a poor d— of a blacky to Carolina and Georgia to scrape it together." He then went on to tell many a black perfidious tale, which I tried to forget, and threw them from my memory as the stomach does poisons. All along the road it seems he made it his business to inquire where lived a man who might perhaps be tempted to become a party in this accursed traffic; and when he had got some half dozen of these poor creatures, he tied their hands behind their backs, and drove them three or four hundred miles, or more, bare-headed, and half-naked, through the burning Southern sun. Fearful that even Southern humanity would revolt at such an exhibition of human misery, and human barbarity, he gave out that they were runaway slaves he was carrying home to their masters. On one occasion a poor black woman exposed this fallacy, and told the story of her being kidnapped; and when he got her into a wood out of hearing, he beat her, to use his own expression, "till her back was white."

I would not tell such tales, except that chance may bring them to the ears of the magistrates who will enforce the laws, if any there be, against this inhuman trade,—or if there be none, that the legislatures may be induced to wipe away this foul stain. There was a mixture of guilty hardihood, and affected sanctity, about this animal,—for he could not be a man. It seems he married all the men and women he bought himself, because they would sell better for being man and wife! Once,—he told it with high glee,—he sold a negro who was almost blind, "to a parson," these were his very words, "for eight hundred dollars." Returning that way some time after, the parson (can it be possible!) accused him of cheating him, by selling him a fellow who could not see half a yard, after sun-down. "I denied it stoutly," continued this fine fellow,—"the parson insisted; and at last I bought the fellow back again for fifty dollars less than I sold him for. When the bargain was concluded,—Pomp, said, I—go and water my horse. Pomp pretended he could not see,—for it was then dusk;—but I took a good cudgel, and laid on till the fellow saw as

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plain as day-light, and did what he was bid as well as any body could have done it. There, said I, you see the fellow is no more blind than you or I. The parson wanted to get him back: so I sold him again for eight hundred dollars, and made fifty by that speculation."

"But," said the youth, "were you not afraid in travelling through the wild country, and sleeping in lone houses, these slaves would rise and kill you?" "To be sure I was," said the other, "but I always fastened my door, put a chair on the table before it, so that it might wake me in falling, and slept with a loaded pistol in each hand. It was a bad life; and I left it off as soon as I could live without it: for many is the time I have separated wives from husbands, and husbands from wives, and parents from children; but then I made them amends by marrying them again as soon as I had a chance. That is to say, I made them call each other man and wife, and sleep together, which is quite enough for negroes. I made one had purchase though," continued he, "I bought a young mulatto girl, a likely creature,—a great bargain. She had been the favourite of her master, who had lately married. The difficulty was, to get her to go; for the poor creature loved her master. However, I swore most bitterly, I was only going to take her to her mother at ———, and she went with me; though she seemed to doubt me very much. But when she discovered at last that we were out of the state, I thought she would go mad, and in fact, the next night, drowned herself in the river close by. I lost a good five hundred dollars by this foolish trick, and began to think seriously of quitting this business; which I did soon after, and set up a shop. But though I lie to every body, somehow or other, I don't get on very well; and sometimes think of returning to my old trade again."

Oliver and I had intended to sleep at this place, but the confession of this abominable catiff determined us to rid ourselves of his society, for fear the house would fall, or the earth open and swallow us up for being in such company. So we left the house, praying that Providence, in pity to a miserable race, would either permit the catiff to prosper in his present business, or graciously cause him to be speedily banded. In justice to our own country, I ought to mention this catiff was not a native of the United States: had he been, I would have suppressed this story,—for such a monster is sufficient to disgrace a whole nation.

I ought to have mentioned, that the negroes of Maryland and Virginia, for some reason or other, have an invincible repugnance to being sold to the Southward. Whether this repugnance arises from an idea that they will be treated with more severity, or is only the natural dislike every human being, except our fashionable ladies, feels to going to live in a strange land, far from all association with early scenes, and first born attachments, I cannot tell. I know not that these poor souls are worse treated in Carolina and Georgia, nor have I any

reason to believe so; certain it is, however, that they discover an unwillingness amounting almost to horror, at the idea of being sold there; and have a simple song which they sometimes, as I am told, sing with a mournful melancholy cadence, as they row along the rivers, in remembrance of home. It is merely the language of nature:—

Going away to Georgia, ho, heave, O!

Massa sell poor negro, ho, heave, O!

Leave poor wife and children, ho, heave, O!

The negroes have a great number of songs, of their own composition, and founded on various little domestic incidents; particularly the deaths of their masters and mistresses, who, if they have been kind to them, are remembered in their homely strains, some of which sound very affectingly, but would probably make no great figure on paper. I have heard that in some instances they go to their graves, and invoke their spirits to interpose, if they are treated ill, or threatened to be sold at a distance. There is something of the true pathetic in all this, were these people not negroes. This spoils all; for we have got such an inveterate habit of divesting them of all the best attributes of humanity, in order to justify our oppressions, that the idea of connecting feeling or sentiment with a slave, actually makes us laugh. I have read, that after the death of the famous Alphonso Albuquerque, called the conqueror of India, it was long the practice of the natives, when they were oppressed, to go to his grave, and call upon his gallant spirit to arise and be again their protector. Such things touch the innermost heart, when told of Indians; but Black sentiment, feeling, or gratitude, is not of the real fashionable colour.

Jogging along from the house where we left the catiff, who will one day, I fear, bring down some great calamity on the country of his birth, it was our fate to meet with another example of the tricks men will play before high Heaven, when not only custom, but the laws, sanction oppression. The sun was shining out very hot,—and in turning an angle of the road, we encountered the following group:—first, a little cart, drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled, like pigs, together. The cart had no covering—and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bare-headed, half-naked, and chained together with an ox chain. Last of all came a white man,—a white man! Frank,—on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing. I should like to have seen him hunted by bloodhounds. At a house a little further on we learned, that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some one of the more Southern States. Shame on the State of Maryland! I say, and shame on the State of Virginia! and every State through which this wretched cavalcade was permitted to

pass! Do they expect that such exhibitions will not dishonour them in the eyes of strangers, however they may be reconciled to them by education and habit?

As to their owning slaves, that is not their fault, because it was a system ready made to their hands, and they cannot get rid of it. As to their buying and selling them, that arises out of the system, perhaps, and cannot be avoided. It is easy for people who have no slaves to talk about emancipation, as it is easy to be benevolent at the expense of others. I therefore pay little attention to the sneers uttered against the slave holders of the South, for not emancipating their slaves. I neither join in the clamour, or think the worse of them for their misfortunes. But I do say, that when they permit such flagrant and indecent outrages on humanity as that I have just described,—when they sanction a villain in this marching half-naked women, and men loaded with chains, without being charged with any crime but that of being black, from one section of the United States to another, hundreds of miles, in the face of day,—then they disgrace themselves and the country to which they belong. Such things are not necessary. If they must be transported, in this inhuman and indecent manner,—let it be in the night time, and when there is no moon or stars.—Let not the blessed sun see it,—or the traveller carry the news to distant countries. I know that these instances occur but rarely; for I saw only this one. But one is enough to cover a country with eternal shame. Never would I disclose things of my country, except in the hope of preventing their ever happening more. I am satisfied that these things need only to be pointed out to the attention of the legislators and magistrates, in their naked depravity, to produce a speedy and effectual remedy for this indecent and inhuman practice. It is conformable to the spirit of true friendship to tell of faults where there is any hope of amendment; and I love the people of the South sufficiently well to try to wipe away this one stain, by one day pointing it out to their notice, as I most assuredly will if I live.

FAREWELL.

Letters from Buenos Ayres and Chili, with an original history of the latter country. Illustrated with Engravings. By the Author of *Letters from Paraguay*. London, 1819, 8vo. pp. 323.

ALL the histories of Giants which we can recollect in the nursery were signally deficient in that essential portion of biography which relates to the infancy of the illustrious person whose memoirs are thought worthy of public attention. The days of caudle and pap, of lisp and prattle, of breeching and little idiosyncrasms, peculiar to these great individuals are universally passed over with the most censurable remissness, and we hear nothing of them till they have arrived at surprising magnitude of stature

and mischief. The same lamentable deficiency is, we rejoice to say, not attributable to the embryo histories of gigantic nations. We have recently been enlightened with anticipations without number of empires in *nubibus*, and the Morea and the Mississippi, Egypt and Ashantee, the Cape of Good Hope and the North Pole, Botany Bay and every separate province of South America have in turn had their advocates till we can hardly tell whether the world as it is, or the world as it is to be, is the most important subject for our consideration.

The author of this strange volume is one of our theoretical puzzlers—he thinks Paraguay could easily, and ought to be immediately revolutionized by the Indians headed by British officers and Missionaries! This is a prime scheme, and we leave it between the projector and his political readers.

Our business is more with facts than with opinions, and we would have great pleasure in extracting the mass from these letters without reserve, but we must confess that, with all our simplicity and credulity, there are many of them which have staggered us so much that we cannot vouch for their credibility to our confiding readers. In short, the author of the letters from Paraguay (letters unknown to us), who describes himself as a Protestant Novice in a Roman Catholic convent at Buenos Ayres, seems given to the travellers' vice of exaggerating, not to use a coarser term; and intermixed with a good deal that we can believe, states so much which we cannot possibly swallow, that we are really compelled to allot him a niche with Munchausen and Mendez Pinto. Should we wrong him by this classification, we trust the general voice, as in the case of the calumniated Bruce, will do him justice, and to enable it to be pronounced we shall proceed to select the striking accounts he has produced, dividing them into two parts—the credible and the incredible. As the game and highest seasoned dishes should be served last, we begin with the credible. The Novice travelled with some of the heads of his convent, from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, at the foot of the Cordilleras, 700 miles; thence across the mountains, estimated from base to base at 40 leagues, and so to St. Jago in Chili, where he dates the greater number of his letters, and back to the city of the Concepcion, where the last of them is written.

The immense plains of Pampas, which stretch from the sea to the foot of the

Cordilleras, offer little for remark; the country

is one vast level plain, where nothing is to be seen but here and there a flock or rather herd of wild guanacos, whose flesh is thought to be superior to venison. There are also beautiful large birds, and partridges in vast numbers, as also hares and wild cattle and horses, who reign supreme lords of these immeasurable wilds; where there is nothing to impede the sight but one vast boundless horizon. The Spaniards might well term it the Escambradas, for the sun, at its rising, appears as if emerging from the earth, and without rays, till it is somewhat above the horizon. It is the same at its setting, for its beams disappear before the body of the sun is covered.

Liable to long and parching droughts, the author notices the well-known instinct of cattle in scenting water at a wonderful distance, and describes an occasion wherein it was displayed on the approach of rain, in a similar manner as if a river or spring had been found.

The negroes were sent in different directions to see how far the scorched grass extended, and were at a considerable distance, when the Father Provincial cried out, "Look at the oxen, they smell water!" we all eagerly turned to the poor panting animals, and saw them stretch out their necks and raise their heads towards the west, and snuff the air in a manner as if they would be certain of obtaining drink could they but raise themselves in the air. At that moment not a cloud or a single breath of air was to be seen or felt: but in a few minutes the cattle began to move about as if mad, or possessed by some invisible spirit, snuffing the air with most violent eagerness, and gathering closer and closer to each other; and before we could form any rational conjecture as to what could occasion their simultaneous motion, the most tremendous storm came on of thunder, lightning, and rain, I ever witnessed in my life. The rain fell in perpendicular streams as if all the fountains of heaven were suddenly broke loose; so that, in the space of a very few minutes, torrents of water rolled around us, and the cattle easily drank their fill at the spot on which they stood.

Proceeding onward, the following passages note the most remarkable incidents.

We pursued our journey without any inconvenience for four days, when we fell in with a caravan of Cuyan merchants going to Buenos Ayres, laden with Cuyan wine, curious and beautiful baskets, made of grass of divers colours, and cups and vases of every different form imaginable, and so delicately and closely wove that they will retain any kind of liquid; and, on account of their lightness and beauty, they are used as glasses and cups, and every domestic vessel of the sideboard. They had likewise some curious furs, ostrich feathers of a most surprising length and plumage; also some Indian armour, such as back and breast-

plates, helmets, and cuirasses made of leather, remarkably light, but at the same time impenetrable either to shot or weapons, so that nothing can pierce them.

One of the company, a stranger to the precise method, states, on hearsay, that the Indians accomplished this process

when the hides were green, and that by placing the hide in a trough of warm water, as soon as it is taken from the animal, in which three different kinds of gums had been dissolved, all three of a very pungent nature: in this infusion the hide lies for about twelve or fourteen hours; it is then taken out and cut into different pieces according to the size of the object meant to be formed: each part is then fixed in a mould made of earth baked in the sun, of the most exact dimensions of a breast-plate, helmet, &c. As soon as it is nicely fitted, and deemed correct in all its proportions, it is left to the air for about an hour; it is then rubbed well over with a thick aromatic oil, which is repeated as long as any absorption is observed: before it is taken out of the mould it is well rubbed with a smooth round flint about three inches long and two wide, having one sharp point. This rubbing is continued as long as the least dampness appears on the surface; it is then taken out and placed in the air, but out of the sun, till it is become as hard as steel.

The passage of the Cordilleras, whence 200 rivers run, affords some information more new to us than the common-place descriptions of the difficulties of their precipitous tracts.

The river Mendoza, from which the city receives its name, takes its rise in the Eastern part of the Cordilleras, from which it descends, increasing, as it falls, by many small rivulets; and the rapidity with which it descends, has enabled it to force a passage of about sixteen feet wide, through a mountain of chalk, making a sort of arched cave, the roof of which forms a bridge of nearly the same breadth as the aperture: immediately under the bridge, at about twenty feet from the top of the arch, upon an horizontal plane, out of a smooth rock, rise five different fountains of extreme hot water, possessing many medicinal virtues: the water is thrown up as high as the top of the arch, when, as it falls, it mingles with the river, from which the moment before it had seemed to rise. The combat of those opposite waters on the humidity of the air above, produces the most beautiful crystallizations, in almost every kind of figure the imagination can possibly conceive: from between the larger objects are continually falling drops as big as hazel-nuts, which, resting on the bed of rock below, presently become petrified, and present to the eye one of the most extraordinary pictures that nature in all her varieties, has, perhaps, been known to display to the eye of the painter, or to reward the researches of the natural philosopher.

Some of them are in the shape of pyramids, with points, as if cut by the hand of the most skilful lapidary, and of the purest

white; close to it shall be another of a different shape, and composed of as many different colours as the rainbow; others immediately at or round the mouth of the fountains, look like large masses of the purest emerald.

This grand phenomenon is equalled, if not surpassed, by the author's account of the vegetable world,—the happy valley in Rasselas is not more glorious, and perhaps not less real, than one among the Cordilleras seen by our Novice.

We now came to a valley of about a mile and a half in diameter, surrounded on all sides by stupendous rocks, forming altogether an enchanting amphitheatre. On entering it, the eye is struck with the view of a scene that beggars all description: an evergreen plain so delightfully intermixed with odoriferous plants, shrubs, and flowers, that we might have fancied our arrival in a Mahometan paradise. In the centre of this fairy land rise several fountains, which threw their water into the air to a surprising height, when they formed by their fall a thousand meandering streams, which, after repeated windings and turnings, united in one stream pouring into a large river about half a mile distant. This delightful scenery occupied all my thoughts for some time, even after I had reached St. Jago, for I had taken up and brought safely with me four most beautiful shrubs, such as I had never seen before, and all of them in full bloom.

The stem of one is about twenty inches in height, and about one inch in diameter, the bark of which is so exactly coloured, and marked with circles like the back of the rattle snake, that, at first sight, I actually thought it a young one, raised itself up to dart at some object among the flowers, and had absolutely advanced to kill it, when I was surprised to find myself most agreeably deceived. It has neither branches or leaves, but on the top, where it sends forth one large bud; that, in three or four days, bursts, and presents to the eye about ten or twelve leaves, exactly resembling, in shape, form, and texture, a plume of ostrich feathers of a pomona green colour, tipped at the edge with a dark brown: from between every two leaves springs a cluster of flowers, green, white, and pink, in form and shape like the everlasting pea: each cluster containing from twenty to thirty flowers, rising about three inches above the leaves, when it gently bends downwards and forms altogether one of the most beautiful corymbs that art or nature ever produced, and emitting at the same time a very strong scent resembling amber. I doubt that it was from this flower the Indian caciques caught the idea of forming those elegant feather ornaments, which the chiefs wear on their heads at their festivals and processions, and pleased me so much at Buenos Ayres. Another is a very low plant, in shape and size like a hen's egg, having a very delicate fibrous root; it is wholly covered with leaves and flowers that spring out of the egg, and rise about two inches: the leaves are dark green on the upper side, and most pure white below.

From the root of every leaf spring three flowers in the form of a star, of the colour of peach blossom, and each flower is about half an inch in diameter, the eye of each strongly resembles a polyanthus, while the scent lays not in the flower but in the leaves, which, when agitated by the air, seems to perspire a kind of gum that adheres to the touch: its scent is very powerful, but sweet like lavender.

The third plant is, properly speaking, a flowering stick, for which reason I have given it the name of Aaron's Rod. That which I have is about two feet long, correctly round, hollow like a tube; the surface is a very light green, sprinkled with spots of deep yellow: it is covered with flowers in shape and colour like apple blossoms: has very little smell, and the flowers continue only about fourteen or sixteen days, when they drop off without any apparent decay, and are succeeded by a green knob about the size of a pepper-corn. For the first eight days it remains green, then changes to a deep yellow, and lastly black, when it falls off and is almost immediately succeeded by a flower: and this, I am told, is its unvarying course, till it reaches about six feet in height, when it suddenly decays. They are reproduced by the seed contained in the berry, which when opened discloses a small husk about the size of rape-seed; though if sown in pots it does not produce so strong a plant as those which spring from self-sown seed. The last is a shrub of most rare medicinal virtues: it possesses, I am told, all the valuable properties of the celebrated bezoar stone, once so highly extolled as an antidote against all poisons and malignant fevers. The plant I have is very young, not above a foot in height, therefore I cannot as yet prove its virtues: the nearest that resembles it among our English shrubs is rue, and its scent is not unlike it, only much more powerful: the leaves are very bitter, and the juice a violent astringent. It is not common for it to flower more than once a year, when it is nearly covered with flowers in shape of small trumpets of a light blue and yellow.

The transition is odd, but the next thing we have to mention is the lady's garters, not the flowers of that name, at St. Jago. They are in keeping with the rest of their finery, as will appear from the account of a bridal dress of a Lima lady of rank. We use the Novice's words.

To begin then with her chemise:—(for all the component parts of her dress were distinctly visible,) it was of the finest cambric, the bottom of which was trimmed with very broad point lace, of about twenty guineas a yard, but the cambric reached no farther than the top of the knee: silk stockings of a pale blue, embroidered with small rose buds of silver; her slippers, or rather sandals, were of silver tissue, embroidered with red rose buds, banded round the instep and ankle after the Indian manner; but instead of ribbon they were of pearl and emeralds, and served to display, to the greatest advantage,

a beautifully formed foot and ankle. The stockings were fastened at the top with the celebrated Indian garters, which contained a talisman, the value of which is highly rated, as it is supposed to warn the wearer of every good or evil that is to befall them; and no lady, I am told, would be seen in company without them, being considered as the most essential part of their dress. They may be worn either round the leg or the upper part of the arm, and are invariably of one shape; that of a flat garter with springs, but covered with the most costly materials, according to the fortune or caprice of the wearer. The lady's in question were of satin, set on each side with alternate pearl and emerald: in the centre of each garter was an opening in the form of a lozenge, which contains the talisman. This also was set round with the same costly materials; and it clasped on the outside of the leg with an emerald, from which depended two tassels of oriental pearls. I must own this part of the dress pleased me much; as there appeared to be so much real taste displayed in the arrangement of it. A close vest of silver tissue formed the shape, to which was fastened with pearls a drapery of point lace, reaching as low as where the cambric ended. This drapery was bordered at the bottom with a fringe about three inches deep, of the same intermixture of jewellery as the sandal. The neck, bosom, and arms were decorated, in the same manner, with a profusion of pearls: but they had no covering, except a fall of fine point lace from the sleeve of the chemise. The hair, of which the ladies here have a great quantity, was banded and looped with pearls; and on one side was a large bunch of white roses composed of pearl, with leaves of emeralds.

While transcribing this, we could not help fancying we had, by mistake, taken up the Arabian Tales, but the garter—*Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Indeed, there is a good infusion of romance in our Novice's statements, whether he tells of love affairs (of which there are several in the genuine Spanish style), or delineates a country. With the former we dare not intermeddle, the friars and the women seem so exceedingly licentious;—of the latter, the fortunate valley already quoted, and the annexed picture of Chili, are specimens.

Turn your eye which way soever you will, the fields appear as so many gardens. The fields are not enclosed as in Europe; each inhabitant marks out what spot he chooses to sow with seed, and there is no one will say, you trespass on my ground; nor is there any tax to be paid. All is free, and the cattle rove unmolested; they are taught when young to come to their owner when he wants them, by making use of a particular sound or whistle, each person having their own, to which they are very obedient. Thus plenty surrounds the husbandman, for he who sows, is always certain of reaping: in Chili his hopes are never disappointed.

The wild flowers which grow in the field, would, from their beauty and sweet scents, be highly valued in Europe, as the superior ornaments of our gardens and conservatories; while they are here in such profusion, that they are distilled in vast quantities, and produce the perfumed water, called angels' water, used in the churches.

All exotics become, as it were, immediately naturalized: and such is the fertility of the soil, that its produce is infinite, and the rapidity of it would be incredible to all but the eye that beholds it. The grass grows to a surprising height, and the mustard rises into a tree. There are groves of these trees, in which the birds build their nests; they are seldom less than twelve feet high, and branchy in proportion; thus verifying the description of the Gospel. But the mustard is not the only plant that grows wild; all sorts of esculent roots and herbs that are reared with care in Europe, in gardens, are seen for leagues together, in the greatest profusion, furnishing food for the cattle, which feed on them at pleasure.

Nor is Chili less gifted with all kinds of medicinal plants and herbs, but the knowledge of whose virtues is confined to the Indian doctors, who are very skilful in their application. The knowledge of them they keep most carefully concealed from the Spaniards; but, notwithstanding their precaution, we have obtained the discovery of several of them by dint of observation and experience; particularly the famous one named Quimbamali. It is a dwarf plant which rises about eight or ten inches above the ground, with spreading branches, each ending in small flowers at the point, which, both in colour and shape, resemble those of saffron: when wanted for use, they pull up the plant and boil it entire, with its roots, leaves, and flowers, in spring-water: the decoction is given to the patient to drink hot, and is a powerful interior as well as exterior vulnerary. In all cases of internal bruises or wounds, it causes an instant evacuation of all blood that is congealed; which, by remaining in the body, might cause inflammation, obstruction, and finally death; but a draught of this not only cures internally, but external wounds are alike healed by it. There is another called Albaquilla. It grows in bushes, as high as the tallest rose-tree, with leaves like sweet basil, which are very fragrant, and sweet to the taste, like honey: it is commonly bruised for use, and in cases of wounds, some of the juice is dropped into the part, and the bruised leaves laid over, which, without any other application, never fails to effect a cure in a very short time. This herb grows wild, and is to be met with almost every where. Another much spoken of but not so common, is a specific for fevers and pleurisies. It is a small herb, low on the ground, with not more than six or eight leaves; in the middle of which grows a small tuft, like the finest thread or hair, of a white colour, inclining to yellow; the tuft only is made use of, boiled in spring-water. I have only mentioned these among the great number of medicinal herbs, with which this country

abounds, because they are the only ones of which I could speak from actual experience.

I shall proceed now to give a brief account of the trees, some of which do not exceed in size those of Europe, of the same kind; as the cherry, quince, pomegranate, almond, orange, olive, lemon, apricot, citron, peach, and many others; but for apple trees, I have frequently seen them as big and tall as elms of a large size, and pear trees still bigger, and much more the mulberry, which grows to a surprising height and bigness.

But these are not half the marvels of Chili, and we feel that we are unconsciously encroaching upon our second division, the incredible. One of the native beverages is made from

The tree called Mirtilla, which, if we believe the authors who treat of it, deserves to be ranked in the first place; this is what they say of it. This tree grows in the mountains, from seventy-two degrees upwards, and is the common food: the natives call it Une, and the Spaniards Mirtilla; it is red and like a small grape, and in shape and colour like a pomegranate seed; it smells and tastes very agreeably, and not unlike a grape; it has small grains like a fig, which are almost imperceptible on the tongue.

Its temperature is hard and dry: of this they make a wine, which exceeds all other liquors, even that of the East India cocoa or palm tree. Neither cider, mead, nor beer, nor all the other drinks, described by Andreas de Laquana, are to be compared to it. This wine is clear, fine, warm, and very agreeable to the taste, as well as strengthening to the stomach. It consumes all vapours in the head; its heat warming the ears without going any further. It increases the appetite, never offending the head or making it heavy. Those who have tasted it highly commended its colour and flavour, as much as that of grapes. Its colour is golden and bright, and is as good and sweet as the wine of Ciudad Real.

With all their abundance, however, it appears amazing that any fruit reaches maturity, for besides other enemies

Nothing can withstand the voracity of the parrots, who have bills that cut like a razor: they come in flocks, of such an extent as to darken the air, and fill it with such a confusion of cries, that, I know of nothing like it. This kind of bird is bred all over Chili, in the mountains, and in the Cordilleras; 'tis most wonderful to see how exactly they come when the fruit begins to ripen. They come down from the mountains in the evening, and the noise they make in flying, though they fly high, is such as baffles description. They have a shrill clear voice, and fly all screaming at once: they are green and yellow, have a blue circle about their necks; and are very good to eat, particularly the young ones.

There is another curious bird called the child bird, as it looks like a child wrapt in swaddling clothes, but I know not its properties.

There are likewise ostriches in great numbers. It is not easy to catch the ostrich by hunting with dogs, which is done sometimes, for, though they do not fly, yet their large wings aid them so powerfully in running, that though the greyhound be very swift, if the bird has the start he will hardly be able to overtake him: if however he comes up to him, it is wonderful the art the ostrich uses to avoid his teeth, for when the dog is just going to seize the bird, he lets down one of his wings and fixes it to the ground, covering therewith his whole body; when the greyhound seizing the wing, fills his mouth with feathers, which so discomposes him as to interrupt his pursuit, and the ostrich generally escapes. This is very diverting sport.

We know not what degree of reliance can be placed in the following assertions; like the honest Scotch steward in Miss Edgeworth's tale (Castle Rackrent), we can only exclaim, "we have our doubts." The author says,

I have seen in Chili, in the territory of St. Jago, horses already dressed for war, sold for two crowns a piece to supply the army, and yet for shape, courage, and good qualities, they yield to no Neapolitan, or Andalusian horses I ever saw, from whom indeed they are descended; and there is no reason why they should degenerate in such good land.

The cows, which at first were out of all price, I have seen sold for a crown a-piece, and the calves for half-a-crown; the sheep are bought in flocks in Cuyo and Tucuman for three-pence, and three half-pence a-piece. Among the animals proper to the country of Chili, may be considered the sheep, so called by the natives: they are of the shape of camels, but not so big, and without the bunch on the back; they are black, brown, and white, and some grey. Formerly they used to plough the land with them in many places, instead of oxen, but they only make use of them now to carry wine, wheat, maize, and other provisions. About thirty years ago they used to carry water in Saint Jago from the fountains or river to the houses, but now they are not at all employed in this kind of labour, there being so many mules and asses for all domestic uses. These sheep have their upper lip slit, with which they spit, as it were, at those that vex them; and the children, who used to do it, commonly run away when they see they are about to eject their saliva, for wherever it falls on the skin it causes an inflammation, and their neck being near three feet long they can use these kind of arms with considerable effect. Their wool is very highly valued for its delicacy and softness, the handsomest cloaks and mantles, that can be imagined, are made of it. The drivers regulate their motions by a kind of bridle passed through holes made in their ears, which, by pulling the reins, govern their movements: they kneel down to be loaded, and when it is well fastened, they rise without bidding, and move on in a very grave, steady pace.

Of the wild animals, the accounts are less astonishing.

Hares are also bred in the Pampas, or the plains of Cuyo, and one kind in particular, named *chirichinchos*, whose flesh tastes like that of sucking pigs, is much sought after for the delicious dish it makes. Among other inviting peculiarities of this country, not a venomous reptile lives there; so that you may walk, or even sleep in the woods and gardens, without the least fear of being bit by either snake or viper, or any other dangerous reptile. Nor in the forests or caves do there inhabit any ferocious animals, such as tigers, hyenas, or panthers: there is known only a very small species of lion, and of those but few, who are never known to attack man; and if ever they do any mischief, it is confined to depredations on the wild goats, that live altogether in the mountains.

But the author forgets there are no venomous reptiles, and in the following account of the fabulous-virtued bezoar stone, thus palpably contradicts himself. These animals eat from instinct to cure themselves, when bit by any venomous creature, or have eaten of any poisonous herb. These stones are found in the oldest guanacos; and the reason is, that their natural heat not being so strong as that of the young ones, they cannot convert into their substance all the strength of the herb they take, to remedy their complaint; nature therefore has provided, that what remains shall be deposited in the bag, and there be converted into a substance, capable of administering to the human frame the same cures it does to the animal. The stone is composed of several coats, some thicker, some thinner, according to the quantity of the herbs taken by the animal at a time. It has been constantly observed, that where there are most vipers and other poisonous creatures, these stones are most plentiful; and the cause is manifest, because these animals, and the deer-kind, in feeding, traverse over a great space of ground, therefore are the more exposed to the attacks of poisonous animals, which when trod upon or disturbed, sting severely. When they find themselves hurt by a reptile, they make directly to the remedy, which they never fail to find; and as they have more frequently occasion to seek relief in these herbs, by being more often hurt in the plains of Cuyo and Tucuman, than in Chili, it is easily accounted for, why these stones should be found in greater quantities than in any other part, where they are accustomed to herd. Another consideration is, that the guanacos delight more in plains than high land, and there are by far more poisonous creatures and herbs in these two provinces, by being so very extensive, and having in summer such very great heats, in which all reptiles delight; but nature, in her gracious bounty, has scattered everywhere, with a liberal hand, an immediate antidote for every poison. Were it not, indeed, for such instinct implanted in the animal world, the whole race might become extinct, by the

poisons, either animal or vegetable, which they are constantly encountering.

The bigness of these stones is in proportion to the animal that breeds them; the most certain rule is, that if they are small, there are many in the bag, and fewer if large, and at times, when very large, there is but one. I carried with me to Italy one that weighed thirty-two ounces; but it was not the size that rendered it the more valuable, but its virtues and shape, for it was a perfect oval, as if it had been formed by a turner. The Indian who found it had seventy pieces of eight. When a large stone is found it is not sold by weight, but according to general estimation: and the bigger they are, the greater the price: people of quality will buy them at any price, for they not only use them in cases of sickness, but make use of them as preventives.

The way of using them, is to put them whole into a vase of wine or water, or into the glass, out of which you constantly drink; and the longer they remain in it, the more virtue they communicate: this is the general way of using them by those in health: but when attacked by any violent sickness, you should grate off about a small spoonful, and take it in any kind of liquid that may be most agreeable; when it never fails to relieve the patient in all cases of poison, in a very short time.

To the extraordinary news, that the bezoar stone is formed in a bag under the belly of a goat, we may record, on the same authority, that the cocoa (in Chili) grows on palm trees!! But passing these matters, and a long history of the original conquest of the country by Valdivia about 1540, which like the rest of the book is, though entertaining, very indifferently written, we shall quote a few of the directly incredible stories and absurdities with which we are treated.

At page 34 we find the South American friars in their orgies quaffing *lachryma Christi*, a rare and scarce wine which will not bear a voyage. In crossing the mountains a mule is saved from inevitable destruction by being caught between two pieces of rock; and mounting somewhat higher, the author concludes from the piercing cold, that he has reached the middle regions of the air,—for, quoth he, talking very philosophically.—Upon looking up to notice the distance between such as were below and those which had nearly reached the summit, and who appeared to be, as Shakspeare says, no bigger than a crow, my breath became so exceedingly rarefied, that I was fain to place my hand hastily on my mouth in order to preserve the requisite temperature of the heart; and which I was obliged to continue repeating for some time after I had gained the summit, and also for a considerable way on the descent.

The descent, continues he, on the western side of the mountains, though not less difficult, is far more pleasant; the resting places more frequently occur. Unattended with fogs, thunder, or lightning, now and then

some heavy clouds would pour down upon us in the valleys, which, for a short time, made it appear as if we were borne along upon them; and the meteors, engendered by their denseness, would hiss about in all directions, cracking and darting like so many squibs or crackers. These visitors the mules did not seem to relish; two of them got one evening between Don John's mule and the Father Provincial's, and so frightened the animals, that both gentlemen were quickly unmuled, but, very fortunately, received no hurt of any consequence.

If our readers are not tired of prodigies, we can assure them that strawberries are the only scarce fruit, and the only one that is attended to more than another; they are very large, many of them being near four inches long, and three broad: they are of three colours, red, white, and yellow. At the end of autumn the grape harvest begins, as does the making of wine, of a most generous kind. There is such a vast store of grapes, that a far greater quantity of wine is made than can be disposed of; the Indians drink it to excess; for when they once begin, they never leave off till they drop down, and some of them never to get up more: the wine being so very strong, the fumes overpower the brain in such a manner, that they are not unfrequently stifled by it. The best kind is the muscatel, which, though it looks nearly like water, yet in the stomach it is like brandy; these white wines are much esteemed, as are those of the grapes, called *uva torrontes*, and *alvilla*; the red and deep-scented wines are made of the ordinary red grape, and the one called *mollas*. The bunches of the latter are most commonly so very large, as to be almost beyond belief: we had one brought to our convent last year, as a present from a gentleman to the shrine of Our Lady, which was so big as to fill of itself a large basket, and fed the whole of the brothers for that meal, and they were pretty numerous, our community being the largest in St. Jago. The branches of these vines are stout, and the body of great thickness,—they had great need! Then the volcanoes in the region of the Cordilleras are dreadful things. Among the rest, that which happened in the year 1640 was the most terrible of any that had been known since the discovery of this country by the Spaniards: it broke out in the enemy's country in the territory of the Cacique Aliante. It burst forth suddenly, having been preceded by a tremulous motion of the earth, and continued burning with so much violence, that the whole top of the mountain cleaving in two, sent forth such immense masses of burning rock, accompanied with the most dreadful sounds, which were heard many leagues distant: on this occasion all the women that were with child miscarried, from the alarm that the day of judgment was come, and nothing was uttered but cries and lamentations, with people flying in all directions to avoid the threatened evil. This volcano has continued ever since to burst forth at times, but (most fortunately) never with a degree of violence equal to its

first eruption. Again, in the valley of Mayten, the fruit trees, though wild, produce very fine fruit of various kinds; particularly the cherry, affording such immense profusion, that the boughs are weighed to the earth: also, the apples, which I have seen drop off in such abundance, as to stop the course of a large stream!!

But enough of rhodomontade—we fear the Novice is not to be trusted, and we cannot, after these fables, deliver any more of his oracles, though he speaks peremptorily on many other important subjects. From the religion of the natives to the cures of their machi, or physicians, who, in a case mentioned, effectually eradicated a disease of nine years' standing by one small powder, he is at home in every thing; and we may conclude by saying, that his fables are amusing, but alas! they are fables.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Continuation of the Journal of their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria, on their second Tour through England. (Continued.)

We saw afterwards the great manufactory of papier mâché belonging to Messrs. Chipping and Bill, where all articles of that kind are made in the greatest perfection.

We wished to see Mr. Jonas Spooner's manufactory of nails, but it was shut, on account of its being Monday; and it seemed to us also that these gentlemen had no great mind to show their mode of proceeding. This manufactory has been but lately established. Nails are made in it without the aid of fire, by a machine which cuts them, and fixes on the heads afterwards, then are cast, and their brittleness taken away by the process of cementation.

On the 8th, we paid a visit to Mr. Raphael Egginton, the most celebrated painter on glass in England. He has produced very fine pictures for country houses and churches. For these pictures he takes white glass, and colours it with oxyds, which he bakes with the glass: he afterwards gives the glass a dead ground, and polishes what is to be more clear. We saw a fine picture of the Apostles, which was ordered for a church at Milan.

Birmingham is a large town, containing nearly 100,000 inhabitants, but it is far from being handsome. It is situated on a hill, the streets are irregular, and the houses ill-built. Even the manufactories, except Soho, and the nail manufactory, may be called wretched buildings. The rooms are small, the workmen crowded together. The houses are here considered as a secondary object; every thing is subordinate to machinery.

In the neighbourhood of Dudley we saw a great coal mine, not worked, which has been burning these forty years under ground: many acres of land have already been consumed. The soil contains alum, and, to-

wards the surface, sulphur: the surface is reddish, the smoke issues through crevices, and when a part is burnt it sinks in. The water which enters by the crevices, contributes also to the entire decomposition. We passed by the great establishment of Wilkinson at Bradley, now belonging to Mr. Terayday. It has a melancholy appearance. This establishment, once so celebrated, was, after the death of the industrious Wilkinson, carried on for some time by his heirs: now all work has ceased in it, except that in the coal mine. Twenty-five furnaces, numerous refineries, the finest steam-engines, all are stopped, and falling into ruins: the last furnace was stopped the week before our arrival. It would require a capital of 100,000l. sterling to restore this establishment to its former activity.

We visited also, in this road, the high furnaces of Messrs. William Johnson and Co. which are in full work.

A district, eight or nine miles in length and five in breadth, reposes almost entirely in mines of coal and iron. These two minerals are almost always united in this country. The mines are worked by several proprietors. The foundries and refineries are always placed as near as possible to the shafts of the mines; and as these establishments are very numerous, the country is almost covered with buildings: they even seem to be multiplied by the considerable number of steam-engines, employed to raise the minerals, and to drain the water from the mines.

The refuse of the mines, and the scoriae of the smelting houses, are piled around, like black and arid mountains. Two canals traverse the district in its whole length from north to south. Their numerous branches, on the one hand, and on the other the iron rail roads, facilitate the conveyance both of the raw materials and of the manufactured produce.

This country is, as it were, all in flames, and covered with a thick smoke, with which all objects are impregnated: it has a most strange appearance.

The country is rather elevated, and water being scarce, that which is raised from the mines is employed to feed the canals. Two steam-engines are exclusively destined to supply these canals, and thus their branches may be conducted in all directions.

The possessors of the ground generally let it to the proprietors of the mines; these latter pay a certain sum per acre, and may work the ground till it is exhausted; when it is restored to the possessor. An acre, for which fifty pounds sterling were paid three years ago, is now worth 1500l.

There is a general complaint of stagnation of trade. You see with regret a third part of the works stand still, and it is melancholy to think that already 3000 workmen are without bread. The causes assigned for this stagnation of trade, are the better qualities, and the lower price of the Swedish iron, so that Sweden has monopolised the whole trade with America. The English manufacturers cannot afford the iron at so low a price, since, notwithstanding the machines,

manual labour, and all the expenses of production, are too high.

There is no seeing where this will end, and how work can be given to those who are in want of it. The quantity produced will be gradually reduced to the level of the demand.

The proprietors of the manufactories meet every six months at Wolverhampton, to agree upon measures relative to every thing concerning the works. After having consulted and stipulated, every one returns home and does what he thinks fit, without much troubling himself about what has been agreed upon.

In a valley on the banks of the Trent is situated the pretty little town of Stoke; before you enter it, you see a large manufactory of earthen ware. Here begins the country of the common potters' ware.

Near Trentham, is the *Great Trunk Canal*, which joins the Bridgewater Canal, the mouth of which is into the Mersey, with the river Trent, which it joins near Nottingham. It is thus the two seas are united. This canal was made chiefly according to the advice of Wedgwood.

We turned out of the great road, to visit the manufactory of Mr. Spodes at Stoke. As you approach this place, you perceive that you are in the centre of a manufacturing district. Large buildings, dwellings for the work people, furnaces of different heights and sizes, follow in uninterrupted succession. The manufactory of Mr. Spodes, where we stopped, is one of the most considerable in England. It employs eight hundred workmen, whose pay amounts to 1440l. per month. There are near twenty furnaces to bake porcelain and earthenware. Two steam engines set all the rest of the machinery in motion. Many people, especially women, were employed in the painting. This work is executed with but little taste.

There are however some pretty things in the great magazine of Mr. Spodes, where several rooms are filled with porcelain. There were in particular some very handsome large vases; in general, the prevailing taste is the Chinese, overlaid with colours and gilding. The material (*masse*) of the porcelain is very good, light, and transparent.

In another building is the magazine of earthenware. Some of very fine quality is made here, but they also make some much more ordinary. That of a white colour is the most generally used in England. There is also yellow, red, brown, green, bronze, and lead colour. The last colour is made with Platina.

This ware is in general quite plain, and when ornaments are made, they are bas-reliefs in the manner of Wedgwood.

On the whole road are manufactories of earthenware: we counted nearly a hundred in this country.

The manufactory of Wedgwood is less than that of Spode's: the material employed, and the manipulation, are the same. Mr. Wedgwood finds it more suitable to his interest not to manufacture porcelain, but only articles of earthenware known on the Continent by the name of *Wedgwood*, for

which he has a great sale; whereas his porcelain was not preferred to that of other manufactories, and yet cost him much more. This establishment employs about four hundred workmen.

The difference between his ware and that of others is chiefly, that the figures of the bas-reliefs have no glazing, only the ground has it. The forms are very beautiful, all imitated from the antique, and in the purest taste. The figures are extremely well designed, those especially which are raised on a blue ground. The founder of the establishment, who was the father of the present proprietor, profited by Sir William Hamilton's beautiful collection of Etruscan vases; and though the manufactory is not perhaps at this moment so active as it has been, yet the taste which was once established in it continues to prevail.

(To be continued.)

LA PEROUSE.

The September number of the "Journal des Voyages," contains new probabilities on the death of La Perouse. "Shaik Djamaï, a Lascar in the service of the East India Company, after having lived three years in Murray Island, in the Straits de Torre, where the ship *L'Etoile du Martin*, on board of which he served, was wrecked, was taken up by the ship *La Claudine*. He relates what follows:—

"He frequently accompanied the inhabitants to the neighbouring islands; he saw there several muskets and a compass: in one of these islands called Tood, he found a gold watch. The inhabitants of this island, called Mairy, possessed two sabres. The Lascar asked them what circumstance had thrown these things into their hands; they replied, that about thirty years ago or thereabouts (one old man, the oldest among them, alone, remembered it), a large ship was wrecked in sight of that island, and a great number of white men having reached the shore in their boats, were massacred. A part escaped to the neighbouring islands, where they met with the same fate.

"A young child was spared; he lived several years among them; but he escaped during the night in a canoe, with two young girls, and was never afterwards heard of, notwithstanding the most diligent and extensive search. They seemed to me to have great friendship for him, for they cannot speak of him without shedding tears; they carefully preserve his clothes, often look at them, and sigh. These white men were dressed in blue clothes. May not this have been the ship of La Perouse? This is very probable, since this circumstance answers the epoch when he quitted Port Jackson; the sabres and the clothes throw a great light on his fate. The boats of his ship may easily have penetrated into the strait, and no other vessel that I knew of, has been wrecked upon those coasts."

ERUPTIONS OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

NAPLES, Aug. 30.—For ten months past, Vesuvius had discharged almost daily, fire and lava; and frequent shocks, which were felt even at Portici, commenced a new and

great eruption. On this account M. Gimbernat protracted his stay at Naples. On the 27th of July a thick smoke accompanied by flames and red-hot stones, rose from the Crater. Violent shocks caused the summit of the mountain to tremble, and extended even under the places lying on the sea coast. The long expected crisis arrived at last, on the 28th of July, at four o'clock in the morning. Its effects were, fortunately, not destructive. One side of the Crater was suddenly rent with a dreadful crash, and the highest point of it, together with a great part of the south-west edge fell in. From the breach thus opened, burst a mighty torrent of burning lava, nearly in the same manner as on the 22nd of November, 1804. This torrent of lava hindered M. Gimbernat from immediately viewing the part of the Crater which had fallen in; it, however, cooled sooner than he expected, namely after the lapse of 45 hours, during which time it had traversed a space of 500 toises in length, and of twenty feet in breadth at the origin, and of 400 lower down. On the 30th of July, M. Gimbernat attempted to pass the lava, and found it so far hardened as to be able to bear a man's weight. Its heat was still 35° of Reaumur. Though numerous clefts yet opened into burning abysses and exhaled suffocating vapours, he crossed over the hot stream, where it was fifteen toises in breadth, without any other inconvenience than burning the very thick soles of his shoes, heating his feet excessively, and feeling his eyes and lungs painfully affected. When he at length reached the source of the lava, he saw the south-west side of the Crater above him frightfully rent and torn. An immense breach extended from the summit of the cone to a cleft from which many streams of lava had flowed since October, 1818. In this breach were seen a great many little picos, resembling the ruins of a wall that has been blown up, and which every moment threatened to fall. The awfulness of the scene was increased by the dreadful noise, caused by the vapours which burst with a fury like the roaring of a tempest from the bottom of the Crater. The violence of these eddies, which were quite suffocating, from the great quantity of sulphureous exhalations, was such, that the magnetic needle could not rest a moment still, and always seemed as if it would spring into the air. The imminent danger of the situation did not allow him to measure the breadth of the part of the Crater which had fallen in. Since this crisis, lava continually issues from the clefts in this breach, sometimes higher, sometimes lower, according as the melted substances rise within the cone. Considerable eruptions took place on the 28th and 31st of July, and on the 2nd of August. The latter still pours its lava towards Torre dell'Annunciata. By this partial overthrow of the wall of the Crater, the upper edge of it likewise falls in, so that within about this last fortnight, the summit of Vesuvius has become considerably lower, and its shape is changed by being thus flattened!

[A late account in the public journals, Ed.]

states that an Englishman lately had his arm broken by a stone thrown from the Crater, and was obliged to suffer amputation.—Ed.]

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FRENCH MANUFACTURES AND ARTS.

[Private Letter.]

PARIS, Sept. 28.—Before the exposition opened, I promised to send you some account of it: it is now on the point of closing, and I have not yet performed that promise. The truth is, that the subject, far exceeding the highest wrought expectations, would require a volume instead of a letter. Imagine 28 superb halls of the most superb palace in Europe, filled with all that necessity could invent or luxury perfect, that genius could imagine or skill execute. It is a proud triumph for France, prouder than any she had yet achieved. The arts in this country make giant strides towards the goal of perfection. Manufactures, that five years since were in their infancy, are now matured; and others, that were then almost unknown, are assuming "a local habitation and a name." In articles of ornament the French have always ranked first: in those of usefulness they are now only second.

The idea of the exposition was a happy one, and it has been most ably realised; the expence resting with the government, the advantage with the exhibitors. What a spirit of emulation has been excited—not a town of this immense kingdom but has been vying with its neighbour town for the last three years, in preparation of a *chef-d'œuvre* for the great trial! There was to have been a second exposition, entirely of English specimens, collected by an *artiste* during an *epoque* in England. It would not, of course, from various circumstances, have been a fair one: but the journals raised such a cabal upon its very mention, that the matter was instantly dropped. "Let the English make an exposition for themselves," was the general cry. And why should they not? the Emperor of Russia, the *Grand Alexander*, has not disdained to follow good example on this point, neither should we.* Splendid as is the Louvre assemblage, it cannot exceed what England could produce for a similar purpose. What miracles of art and ingenuity, now only known to connoisseurs, would emerge from their dark concealments to dazzle the multitude; what inventions would occur; what emulation public applause would induce; and what perfection would result from this emulation. The great influx of foreigners also that would be attracted by such a thing. But we do not require these stimulants; we have risen to our present height without them. Yet who can say that we might not have risen yet higher with them? All was well enough while we had no rival. But we have now; and a most formidable one. Already has she learned to provide for her own wants, and soon will she be enabled to provide for those of

* Our esteemed Correspondent is British.—Ed.]

others. But individual spirit in England is equal to all its purposes. It only remains to combine this individual spirit under the immediate patronage of the head of the kingdom, and what astonishing effects will it not produce? Royal smiles nurture the fruits of art, as do those of the sun the fruits of nature, though both may exist independently of their influence. "But we have no building appropriate for such an exhibition—no Louvre!" No Louvre certainly, but has not our king also his palaces?—the residence of the monarch is the fittest place for the display of his treasures. Could the apartments of Buckingham House or St. James's be more worthily filled? or Carlton House? if it is to be deserted, why not devote it to such purpose rather than throw it down. France called us a nation of shopkeepers, and now she is willing to make us a nation of gentlemen, by taking our trade out of our hands. The Bourbon pride has even condescended to receive the *tradesmen* at the royal levee. Louis XVIII. has learned something in England—but he has improved upon it in France. You would rather have a sketch of its contents than my *lucubrations* on this same exposition. But what could I do with the thousandth of its items, all more or less interesting. Their arrangement would be as difficult a trial of skill and patience, as was that of the basket full of the feathers of the hundred different birds, which the ugly old fairy commanded to the beautiful young princess. I will not, however, wearied as I am by this long letter, close it without consoling you in part for its vexatious information (if such competition be so) by the assurance, that if one half of the exposition rises superior to criticism, the other half sinks far below it. The paintings in general, are to the full as bad as those of our last season at Somerset House; worse, inasmuch as they are in double quantity, and with not half the small number of redeeming lights that shed their lustre amid the fearful darkness of that unfortunate mass of canvases.

L. M.

What a silly thing it is of John Bull to be admitting foreign spies to view his factories. It is here asserted, that the same attendant artists were handed from one illustrious foreigner to another as *suite*, to perfect themselves by repeated views of what one was found to be insufficient to copy or *steal*, as a journal vauntingly tells a Monsieur Something has done—a *derobe des Anglois*—their machines, &c. &c."

To this letter we annex such further notice as we have selected from the Parisian critiques, and the whole will, we trust, afford a competent idea of this nationally interesting exhibition.

Exhibition of the Produce of French Industry at the Louvre.

There have already been several exhibitions of this kind in the French capital. The first took place in the year VI, at the Champ de Mars. The competition of the year IX, which was opened in the Court of the Louvre, was still more brilliant than that which preceded it. At the competition of the year VI, Mr. Fox, who was then in Paris, expressed

in the most marked way, his astonishment at the progress of French industry. He particularly noticed the excellent manufacture and extreme cheapness of workmen's tools. The exhibition of the present year affords incontestable proofs of the eminence to which France has risen in many branches of manufacturing industry.

The vestibule contains a distilling apparatus by M. Cellier, with improvements by M. Derosne. Some sheets of Romilly copper of immense dimensions; a machine for bruising hemp: an hydraulic ram, &c.

At the top of the new stair-case, which is situated on the south side of the colonnade, eight additional apartments have this year been opened. The three first contain beautiful specimens of linen, cambric, and the productions of the manufactures of St. Quentin and Rouen. The fourth is filled with calicos and linens, and the fifth is occupied by the productions of M. Ternaux, among which are some cashmere shawls of exquisite beauty, manufactured from the wool of the goats recently imported from Thiber, by M. M. Terneux and Jaubert. The sixth contains window curtains, draperies, and ornamental paper hangings. The seventh a quantity of elegant furniture, and the eighth is filled with magnificent specimens of the silk manufactures of Lyons.

On the 28th of August, the king visited the galleries of the Louvre. In the course of his examination, his Majesty particularly remarked the following objects:—A beautiful vase of green *chrome*, from the manufactory of Sevres; the productions of M. Utzschneider, of Sarguemines, who has invented a composition which perfectly imitates all the shades of the finest porphyry, and is equally hard, and capable of receiving as brilliant a polish as that beautiful marble. The astronomical and geodetical instruments of M. Lenoir, the inventor of several instruments for measuring the meridian. The magnificent coloured cloths from the manufactory of Wesseling, in the Upper Rhine, belonging to M. Gros Davilliers. The beautiful Adrianople red, used for colouring cloths, by a process equally novel and ingenious, invented by M. Daniel Koechlin, of the Upper Rhine. The King also examined with particular interest, the articles manufactured by the pupils of the School of Chalon, consisting of astronomical instruments, bronzes, tools, ornamental articles of furniture, &c. The marine dials of the celebrated Breguet, and the sculptured bronzes of M. M. Ravrio, Feugeres, and Thomire.

On passing through the apartments in which the various woollen manufactures were exhibited, his Majesty minutely examined articles of every quality, from the cashmere shawl to the coarsest serge.

The beautiful lace of M. M. Mercier and Docagne, and Madame Bonnaire, the Chantilly blondes, &c. likewise attracted the attention of his Majesty.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

ROME, Sept. 22.—His Holiness the Pope has bought from Mr. Guidi, a Roman, for the Museum in the Vatican, a large and ex-

tremely valuable collection of antiquities, which the latter formed in Upper and Lower Egypt, and particularly in the celebrated city of Thebes, during his long stay in Egypt. These antiquities consist of smaller and larger pieces, stones, metal, blue enamel, wood, works made of burnt earth, mummies, hieroglyphics, several kinds of paper and MSS. pictures, statues, vases, animals, &c. Several of these objects are certainly above 3000 years old, and may throw much light on the ancient history of the country.

GAS LIGHTING.

MR. EDITOR.—In your last number (143) col. 1. p. 666., there is some notice taken of the escape (*creation* it is there called) of HEAT, during the artificial condensation of Gas. Now, Sir, it strikes me that no chemical writer, nor Lecturer, has yet explained the particular reason of this, nor its mechanical consequence, which, in the present case, are, that the mechanical pressure, acting on the particles of Gas, forces the particles of Heat, or Caloric, towards the sides of the vessel, into which they enter and pass off into the atmosphere, leaving nothing but Gas in the receiver, a surplus quantity occupying the space of the escaped Caloric, independent of the effect produced by mechanical pressure upon the Gas itself.

This, I conceive will not only apply in the present case, but also in that of atmospheric air, and indeed all aeriform fluids.

It may be objected that water increases in volume when frozen,—but has the experiment ever been tried in a vacuum?

Should this idea turn out perfectly novel, I trust some of your scientific readers will be tempted to pursue the chain of reasoning resulting from it.

Yours, L.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—I beg to enclose a Catalogue of the Pictures and Drawings lately bequeathed to the University of Cambridge, by the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, and which are now exhibited in the Fitzwilliam Museum. They are not arranged in this Catalogue according to the order in the Museum, because their places there are frequently changed, so as to ascertain the most favourable lights for them; yet this list will be useful to give some idea of the value of this magnificent bequest, and may serve to accommodate those who may hereafter visit the University.

Lord Fitzwilliam was formerly a student at Trinity Hall; he took his Master of Arts degree in 1764, and afterwards travelled through most parts of Europe. He died at his house at Richmond, on the 5th of Feb. 1816, and left to the University his splendid library, pictures, drawings, and engravings, together with 60,000*l.* for the erection of a Museum for their reception. In this valuable collection there are more than 10,000 proof prints by the first artists; a very extensive library of rare and expensive works, amongst which there are near 300 Roman

Missals superbly illuminated. There is also a very scarce and curious collection of the best ancient music, containing the original Virginal book of Queen Elizabeth, and many of the works of Handel (of whom his Lordship was an enthusiastic admirer) in the hand-writing of that great master.

The following is an extract from his Lordship's will:

"I give and bequeath unto the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge, all my capital stock in the New South Sea Annuities, to be had and held by them and their successors for ever. And as to all my pictures, portraits, prints, drawings, and engravings, whether framed, glazed, or otherwise. And also the frames and glass thereof respectively. All my books, printed, engraved, or manuscript, bound or unbound. All my music, bound or unbound. All my busts, statues, medals, gems, precious stones, and bronzes whatsoever, which shall belong to me at the time of my decease. I give and bequeath the same unto the said Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the said University of Cambridge and their successors for ever."

In compliance with the purposes afterwards expressed in his Lordship's Will, the University is now taking steps towards erecting a Museum for the reception of these splendid works of Art, upon a scale worthy the liberality of their noble donor. Till this is completed, the Free School, in Free School Lane, has been fitted up as a temporary reception for this splendid collection.

Regulations respecting the Museum.

1. The Museum shall be open for inspection every day on which the Public Library is opened, from ten o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, and from four o'clock till six in the evening, during the months of April, May, June, July, August, and September; and from eleven in the morning till three in the afternoon, during the remainder of the year.

2. Any Member of the Senate may introduce two persons, in *statu pupillari*, at one time, or any strangers or friends who do not belong to the University; but he must remain with them as long as they continue in the Museum.

3. No pecuniary gratification shall be received by the keeper on these occasions.

4. The Fitzwilliam Museum shall be inserted with the Library in the oath of admission to degrees.

5. No Member of the University shall be admitted into the Museum, unless he appear in his academical habit.

A syndicate is appointed to consult and report to the Senate, upon a plan for carrying into effect that part of the Will which relates to the erection of a Museum.

I am yours, &c. R. R.*

Oct. 11, 1819.

* We feel much indebted for this communication, and annex what cannot but be reckoned a useful document, by our numerous readers connected with the Fine Arts. Ed.

A CATALOGUE OF

The Pictures and Drawings bequeathed by the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam to the University of Cambridge.

Portrait of a Dutch Officer, by Rembrandt. Abraham journeying to the land of Canaan, by Castiglione.

Quintus Curtius leaping into the gulph; with a view of the Amphitheatre, &c. by Pannini.

Landscape and Figures (refreshing themselves), by Zuccherelli.

Portrait of Philip II. King of Spain, and of the Princess D'Eboli, by Titian.

Portrait of a female Artist, supposed to be Armana Peters, by Hals.

Amphitrite with other figures, by A. Carracci.

St. Roch and the Angel, by Annibal Caracci.

A Sea Piece, a Storm, by Vanderseele.

Flowers, by Verelst.

The Siege of Besançon, a fortified city of France, by the Prince of Condé, which was in possession of the Spaniards, by Vander Meulen.

Portrait of himself, by Crayer.

Christ and the Angel appearing to the Virgin Mary, with Cherubs in the distance, by L. Caracci.

Adoration of the Shepherds, by Giorgione.

Portrait of a Man, by Cornelius de Vos, called his master-piece.

A View of Theobalds, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, by Vinkenboom.

A Portrait of Sir Matthew Decker, father to the late Lady Fitzwilliam.

A Stag Hunt, by Snyder.

Portrait of a Child, being in the possession of Sir M. Decker. (Artist unknown.)

Portrait of a Child with a Goat; the Fitzwilliam Arms are on the picture. (Artist unknown.)

A Larder, (the Figure by Reubens),—Snyder.

Portraits of the late Lady Fitzwilliam and her three Sisters, by De Meyer.

A View of the Palace of Richmond, in Surrey.—Vinkenboom.

Adoration of the Holy Trinity by St. Philip Neri, founder of the Congregation of Lea Peres de l'Oratoire. (He is in their dress.) By Annibal Caracci.

St. Jerome preaching in the Wilderness, by Bassan.

A View of the Church Salute with other Buildings at Venice, by Canaletti.

Mercury, Herse, and Aglauros,—Mercury strikes Aglauros with his caduceus, and metamorphoses her into a stone, for being jealous of her sister Herse. Envy is seen in the back ground near the curtain.—Paul Veronese.

Cattle and Shepherds.—Bassan.

A Sea Piece; in the back ground is a view of Rotterdam.—Storck.

A Portrait of Fiamingo, a Sculptor.—Velasquez.

Venus and Cupid.—Giacopo Palma, called the Old.

A frame containing two Portraits by a Dutch Artist, about the time of Vandyke.

A View in Italy with figures, by Gaspar Poussin.

A Lady Fitzwilliam.—Sir Peter Lely.

A fine Landscape with Cattle and Figures, a Cascade, and a view of the river Tiber; in the distance is Mount Serat.—Both. (The figures by his brother John.)

The Death of the Stag, with a landscape and figures.—Zuccherelli.

Embarkation of the Dutch Embassy to the

Parliament of England in behalf of Charles I.—Vlieger.

A View of the Cathedral at Haarlem.—Berkheyden.

The Wise Men's Offering.—Potenberg.

A View of the Aqueduct at Tivoli.—Reinhold.

A Ship in Distress in the Ice in Greenland.—Hondius.

A Hall and a Landscape and figures.—Peter Woterman.

A French Conversation.—Watteau.

Christ's Agony and Praying in the Garden.—Filippo Lauri.

A View of the Campo Vaccini at Rome.—Svanefeld.

Portrait of a Man's head.—Schalckep.

A Wake, with a number of figures dancing and regaling themselves—boys playing in the fore grounds.—J. Stein.

An old Woman combing a girl's hair.—Brackelecamp.

A French Conversation.—Watteau.

A View of the Stadt House, at Amsterdam.—Berkheyden.

An old Woman paring Apples in a sun house in Holland.—Teniers.

Venus and Cupid.—Pordenone.

Inside of a Hall and figures, with a perspective view of the interior part of the house.—Gislaer.

A View of the Rocks and Water in the Park of the late Lord Visc. Fitzwilliam, at Mount Merriam.—Ashford.

A French Beggar Girl.—Grenze.

A Landscape and figures, with Bacchus and Ariadne.—Vanderwerf.

Temptation of St. Anthony.—Teniers.

Portrait of a Man's head.—Holbein.

The interior of a Church in Germany with Christening, and other figures.—Van Dales.

A Landscape with Dead Game, Fruit, and Flowers.—Weenix.

A Portrait of Sir Matthew Decker's father on Horseback, with a Landscape in the distance of a view in Holland.—Lievinz.

A Landscape by Moonlight.—Adam Elsheimer.

Portrait of a Man's head.—F. Bel.

A French beggar boy.—Grenze.

Adoration of the Shepherds.—Rothemann and Brueghel.

Cupid and Psyche.—Elzheimer.

Our Saviour, with St. John, the Virgin Mary, Joseph, and Simeon.—Leonardo da Vinci.

Rebecca and Abraham's servant at the well.—N. Poussin.

Pheasants and Ducks.—Hondius.

A View, from Mount Merriam, of Dublin, Butcher's Town, and Raw Buck Castle.—Ashford.

A Landscape and Cattle.—Ruydael.

Inside of a Stable with Goats, &c.—Cornelius Suchtleven.

Landscape with a view of Capadocia.—Briemberg.

Boor playing at the door of a little Cabin.—Ostade.

A Sea Piece.—A Calm.—Vlieger.

Cupid and Psyche.—Coypel.

Herodias's Daughter with the head of St. John the Baptist in a charger.—Old French.

A Landscape with Men coursing.—W. van der Meer.

A Madonna.—Carlo Dolci.

Inside of a Farm-house.—Brackenburg.

A Landscape with managed Horses.—Dirk Maas.

Lady Fitzwilliam, grandmother to the late Lord. The Artist not known.

The Judgment of Paris.—*Rothenamer and Brueghel.*

Dutch Courtship.—*Terburgh.*

A Landscape, the sale of Joseph by his brethren, with cattle, (the figures by *Suane-feld*).—*Claude Lorrain.*

A View of Mount Merriem.—*Ashford.*

Portrait of Margaret Viscountess Fitzwilliam.—*Cornelius Janssen.*

A Landscape, with Ruins and Figures.—*Polemberg.*

A Landscape with Ruins and Women bathing.—*Polemberg.*

Jesus and the Woman of Samaria at the Well.—*Sebastian Bourdin.*

Schoolmaster and Scholars.—*Gerhard Dowe.*

The Annunciation, with a fine perspective of a Church.—*Albert Durer.*

Flowers.—*Peters.*

The late Earl Pembroke, when a boy.—*Knapton.*

John and Thomas Fitzwilliam, who fell in the battle against the Scots at Flodden Field, on Friday, Sept. 9, 1513. A Copy, by *Hudson.*

A Landscape, with Satyrs, &c.—*Gaspard Poussin.*

A Landscape, with Diana and Women bathing, with Acteon and his dogs.—*Polemberg.*

A Landscape, with Cattle: the departure of Joseph from his brethren.—*Claude Lorrain.*

The figures by *Suane-feld.*

A View of Mount Merriem.—*Ashford.*

Portrait of Thomas Viscount Fitzwilliam.—*Cornelius Janssen.*

The Wise Men's Offering.—*De Meyer.*

Boors playing at Cards.—*Geldton.*

Portrait of a Man.—*Velasquez.*

A View of the Rhine, near Cologne.—*Herman Sacleren.*

A Landscape with Venus and Cupids.—*Albano.*

View of the Walls of a Town, an old Castle, group of figures.—*Tillerman.*

A Landscape with managed Horses.—*Dirk Maas.*

A Portrait of Lord Fitzwilliam, grandfather to the late Lord. The Artist not known.

A Landscape with a Cave and figures.—*B. Brimberg.*

Portrait of a Man, supposed to be Rembrandt, holding a picture.—*Rembrandt.*

A Lady holding a plate.—*Schalken.*

Portraits of J. Stein, his Wife, and Son, the latter being instructed by his father to draw some flowers.—*J. Stein.*

A Perspective view of the interior Court, taken from the gallery of the Doge's Palace at Venice.—*Canaletti.*

Ruins and Figures.—*Panini.*

Lady Decker, maternal grandmother to the late Lord Fitzwilliam. The Artist unknown.

A Stable with Managed Horses.—*Philip Woerman.*

A Landscape in Spain of a Nobleman's Chateau, a Bridge, and Figures.—*Rowland Saery.*

A Landscape with figures, from Mount Merriem, with the late Lord Fitzwilliam giving orders to his Steward.—*Ashford.*

The Honourable Mr. W. Fitzwilliam, uncle to the late Lord Fitzwilliam.—*Gainsborough.*

An old Woman's Market Stall, consisting of Onions, Eggs, Red Herrings, Chestnuts, Medlars, Brooms, &c. A young Woman purchasing Chestnuts.—*Micris.*

A Landscape, with Horses and Figures.—*Kayp.*

A Landscape, with our Saviour, St. John,

the Virgin Mary, and an Angel.—*Annibal Carracci.*

Christ calling to Zaccheus.—*Palma Vecchio.*

Thomas Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, great grandfather to the late Lord Fitzwilliam. Artist not known.

Portrait of a Market Woman with a Basket of Apples and a Flower Pot.—*Gerhard Dowe.*

Inside of a Church, said to be the great Church at Antwerp, by *P. Neefs.* The figures by *Tenders.*

A whole length Portrait of Lord Southampton, Admiral of England, with a Landscape in the distance.—*Holbein.*

A Landscape, with Horses and Figures, Cows in the distance.—*Kayp.*

Christ's Agony in the Mount of Olives.—*Fetti.*

The Angel appearing to Elijah.—*Palma Vecchio.*

Mary Staplyton, wife to Thomas Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, great grandmother to the late Lord Fitzwilliam. The Artist not known.

Tancred and Sigismunda.—*Vander Werf.*

A Landscape, with Horses drinking at the Water.—*Ph. Woerman.*

A Sea Piece, a breeze near a Dutch Port.—*Vlieger.*

A view in the Park of Mount Merriem, with a distant view of the Hill of Hothe, and the bay of Dublin.—*Ashford.*

A Portrait of General Lloyd, who was many years in the Emperor of Russia's service, an intimate friend of the late Lord Fitzwilliam.—*Hone.*

A Boy offering cakes at the door of a house in Holland, and other figures.—*J. Stein.*

A View of St. Mark's Church at Venice, with the four Bronze Horses that were taken by Buonaparte to Paris.—*Canaletti.*

Ruins and Figures near Rome.—*Panini.*

Portrait of Catharine Vaux, wife to Henry Baron Abergavenny. Artist not known.

Print of the present King of France, Louis XVIII.

A Drawing of Milton.—*J. Cipriani.*

La Maison quarrée à Nîmes.—*Bonomi.*

The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini.*

The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini.*

The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini.*

The Interior of St. Peter's Church at Rome.—*Panini.*

A Front View of St. Peter's Church and the Vatican at Rome.—*Panini.*

Four Views near Rome, Albano, and Tivoli.—*Clarissa.*

The drawing of a Stove at a Nobleman's house at Paris; with Three Graces in marble, supporting a Globe.—*Bernard.*

A drawing of a distant View of the Sea, and the lake of Nemi.—*Cozens.*

A Landscape, with the Castle of Gandolpho on the lake of Albano.—*Cozens.*

An Illumination of the Cross at St. Peter's Church on Good Friday, with figures.—*Bernard.*

Two drawings of Ruins and Figures, near Rome.—*Antonio Zucchio.*

The antique Labrum, of one entire piece of Egyptian Granite, with the fountain in the Campo Vaccino at Rome.—*Ducros.*

View of Mount Palatine, Constantine's Arch, the Coliseum, &c. at Rome; taken from the Church of San Gregorio.—*Capo fecit.*

1794.

Baths near Rome, by *Bonomi.*

Six Views in Italy.—*A. Zucchio.*

An Antique Statue of Minerva, at the Capitol at Rome.—*Bernard.*

A drawing with Figures, by *Angelica Kaufmann.*

The Entrance of the Museum, at the Vatican at Rome.—*Bernard.*

A spirited drawing of a Sacrifice, and Landscape, with a number of Figures.—*Antonio Beaufort, jun.*

A Portrait of the late Lord Fitzwilliam's father, in crayons.—*Hoare.*

A Portrait of the late Lady Fitzwilliam, mother to the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam, in crayons.—*Hoare.*

A Print of the late Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam.—*Earldom.*

A Landscape with a Pine Apple, being the first that ever grew in England, which was in Sir Matthew Decker's garden at Richmond, in Surrey; grandfather to the late Lord Fitzwilliam.—*Netscher.*

Portrait of the late Lord Fitzwilliam, in his morning dress; considered as an excellent likeness.—*Howard.*

A drawing of Christ and St. Thomas.—*A. F. b. l.*

A Profile of Mr. Gray, drawn by Mr. Mapleloft in 1765, and given by Mr. Gray to Mr. Fitzwilliam in 1766.

A very fine large enamel Picture of Philip II. and the Princess D'Eboli.—*Hone.*

A Sleeping Venus, by *Francesco Paduanino*, after Titian.

BUSTS.

The Earl of Pembroke, grandfather to the present Earl.—*Roubilliac.*

Virgil.—*Rysbrack.*

Agrippina. The Pedestal by *Roubilliac.*

A fine figure of Heracles, his Club, and a Lion's skin. The Sculptor not known.

A Cast in Wax of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who died early in the reign of George II.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Oct. 16.

Monday last, being the first day of Michaelmas Term, the following gentlemen were admitted to Degrees:—

BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.—*Henry John Disbrowe*, Fellow of All Soul's College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—*Rev. William Buller*, Fellow of All Soul's College.—*Robert Geo. Cecil Fane*, Demy of Magdalen College.—*Rev. Henry Biddulph*, Demy of Magdalen College.—*Rev. George Mawson Nelson*, Fellow of Magdalen College.

BACHELOR OF ARTS.—*William Martin*, of Merton College.

Tuesday the following were admitted to Degrees:—

BACHELOR IN CIVIL LAW.—*Rev. Willoughby Crewe*, of St. Alban Hall, grand compounder.

MASTER OF ARTS.—*Rev. William Edmeads*, of St. Alban Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 15.

On Sunday the 10th instant, being the first day of term, the following gentlemen were elected University Officers for the present year:—

PROCTORS.—*William Tatham*, M. A. Fellow of St. John's Coll.—*Joseph Jee*, M. A. Fellow of Queen's Coll.

MODERATORS.—*Henry Wilkinson*, M. A. Fellow of St. John's Coll.—*William Whewell*, M. A. Fellow of Trinity Coll.

TAXONS.—James Cumming, M. A. Fellow of Trinity Coll.—William Procter, M. A. Fellow of Catharine Hall.

SCRUTATORS.—Edw. René Payne, M. A. Fellow of King's Coll.—John Wood, M. A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall.

The following gentlemen were on Tuesday last appointed the *Caput*:—

The Vice-Chancellor.

Rev. William Webb, D. D. Clare Hall, *Divinity*.

Rev. E. D. Clarke, LL. D. Jesus Coll. *Law*.
Thomas Ingle, M. D. St. Peter's Coll. *Physic*.

Thos. C. Willats, M. A. Downing Coll. *Sen. Non Reg.*

Hon. J. Fortescue, M. A. Magdalene, *Sen. Regent*.

The Rev. Hastings Robinson, M. A. Fellow of St. John's College, and the Rev. John C. White, M. A. Fellow of Pembroke Hall, were on Wednesday last elected *Pro-Proc-tors*.

The under-mentioned gentlemen were on the same day admitted *Bachelors of Arts*:—

George William Craufurd, Fellow of King's Coll.—William Thomas Park Brymer, Fellow Commoner of Trinity Coll.—Thomas Yates Ridley, of St. Peter's Coll.—Samuel Godsell, of Jesus Coll.—Charlton Lane, of Jesus Coll.—Hen. Owen Lowndes, of Magdalene Coll.—John Lafout, Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel Coll.

Messrs. Edward John Gambier, John George Shaw Lefevre, Thomas Flower Ellis, and Benjamin Heath Malkin, *Bachelors of Arts*, of Trinity College, were on Friday the 1st inst. elected *Fellows* of that Society.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

THE MUFFIN TOASTER.

Sweet is a glass of old port after dinner,
And sweet when you're drunk is a warm dish
of tea,
And vinegar's sweet—tho' it makes you grow
thinner,
But I'll tell you what's sweet of the sweetest
to me—
'Tis a bright beaming muffin all toasted by
one,
The remembrance of which makes me dolefully
sigh "ah!"
Those heart-cheering muffins are all of them
gone,
Those muffins delicious all cook'd by Maria."
Dear muffin maid, I could wish that your
heart,
Was placed like a pearl in a small china cup,
For then, my dear girl, with the soft under-
part,
Of one of your muffins, I'd drink your heart
up.
Altho', my sweet nymph! your young heart
would be mine,
Yet still I should languish, and mopingly sigh
"ah!"
Had I crumpets, and kisses, yet still I should
pine,
For muffins all toasted by thee my Maria."

R. R.

SONNET.

WINTER.

In these sad days, when cold and rain prevail,
I rest at home before a cheerful fire,
And with a book—perchance some olden tale
Of knights and arms, from all the world re-
tire.

Beside me lie the cates upon the hearth,
While minstrel crickets tune a merry lay;
One little dog I have, and the whole earth
Can't shew a creature faithfuller than Tray.
What joy is mine! the win't'ry blast in vain
Against my cottage spends its idle rage,
And, whilst rude floods oppress the neighb'ring
plain,

I reckless sit—intent upon the page—
And sure! if mortal pleasure aught were be,
Tis thus, to cheat the hours right pleasantly.

J. H.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XXXIV.

DEBT.

Colonel Alworthy is as brave a man as any in Europe. He has frequently been tried, and is said to be of a coolness and courage in the field almost unexampled. To this gallant quality, he adds a generosity of disposition which ennoble the heart. How many a fellow-officer has he rescued from ruin! how many a companion in arms has he taken out of the sponging-house. He divided his fortune with his only sister, and now appropriates a pension, which he has for his wounds, to the payment of an allowance to two widows—the one of a brother subaltern, the other of his covering serjeant, who, when the colonel commanded a company previous to his advance in rank, was shot dead in the act of filling up his place, while he was carried wounded to the rear. Lastly, ever faithful to his duty, and devoted to the service of his country, he went in very bad health to the West Indies, at the imminent risk of his life, and came home with an irrecoverably broken constitution.

As courage, however, is generally comparative and seldom universal, we were talking one day at Lord Useless's of the different species, and how they varied in different characters. The soldier, for instance, who would advance coolly up to the mouth of a cannon, and the dragoon who would charge the frightful square columns, with a rear rank of bullets whizzing round his head and a front rank of murderous pikes and bayonets staring him in the face, and ready to embowel horse and man, might draw back at a duel—the uncertain single combat of a pistol, shrink from an assassin armed with a gory pignard, or even pull up and hesitate at a five-barred gate or a six feet wall, a lofty fence or a double ditch, when in the field of the sportsman. Then again, the tried veteran of an officer would (whether from prejudice, education, or habit, matters not) accept the single combat, but would not ford a rivulet in order to shorten his road off duty, upon any consideration. Yet the gentleman sportsman, the huntsman, the whipper-in, the fisherman, or the gamekeeper

will ford rivers, pass morasses, leap fences, face the bleak moor and midnight storm, and encounter dangers of various forms and complexities to accomplish his amusement, or discharge his inglorious vocation. We next came to dangers by sea, asserting that the seaman would whistle when the landman would shake for fear.

The result of all these comparisons was a variety of opinion. One alleged that courage was education; another, that it was habit; a third, that it was the ignorance of danger; a fourth, that it was honour; a fifth, that it was interest which produced intrepidity in perilous circumstances; but all agreed that no one was always and every where courageous; "for," said one of our orators, "neither the soldier nor the sailor dare run away or flinch—another death would await him were he to shrink from danger, and the officer's honour and fortune, as well as his life, depend upon his courage in the field. The duellist may be mad, or drunk, or so good a shot, or so dexterous a swordsman, that he runs but half the risk of a less experienced man. The horseman confides in his skill. So does the charioteer. One man's pride is excessive, and he puts it in a counterbalancing scale with his fear; it kicks the beam; and the warrior, or duellist fights for renown, for a title, or perhaps for a trifling point of honour, or a more trifling lady, with not an honourable point or principle about her.

"But who is the man," said Lord Useless, "who would always be ready to face any kind of peril, merely to support the character of a man to whom fear was a stranger? Where's the timid horseman who would mount a vicious horse for the sake of keeping up his name for courage?" Here the wine circulated freely; and many rash and silly bets were made. "Where is the man," cried Captain O'Shaughnessy, "who'd rather fight than let it alone? who would tread upon the toes of a fire-eater and take his chance for a shot?" "Such a man," said I, "is a madman, a dangerous member of society, and fit for Saint Luke's." "Nonsense," said the captain. "A madman, indeed!" in a tone of surprise! "Why," added I, "what sort of a man do you call him?" "An Irishman!" replied the bold captain (a loud laugh). "Or an Englishman," coolly observed the colonel. "To be sure," said the captain; "or any man that is a man." This explanation was so clear that it needed no comment. What he meant was—any desperate fellow; and what the colonel meant, was—not to allow courage to be exclusively claimed by our Hibernian brothers.

A foolish young mad-cap, just from college, proposed drinking until day-break, and then going steeple hunting. The motion was seconded by the Hibernian. My lord put the question very pointedly to the colonel, who cheerfully agreed to the proposal; and this I the more regretted, as I saw that he did it from a point of honour. I wished to dissuade him from so mad a scheme; but he told me that he could not draw back. The party started. The colonel led the way. He had a bad fall, and broke his collar bone.

I visited him during his confinement, and gave testimony to his daring spirit, which nothing could subdue.—“Such has been all his life,” said a companion of his in arms. “No pains, losses, fatigues, difficulties, or dangers appal him; and he is as good as he is brave.” We both agreed in this point; and I quoted him every where for a man of the strongest nerve.

We were separated for a few years, during his absence on the continent, when on calling on him to make a morning visit, I had cause to marvel very much at the change that had been operated upon his character. Coming hastily into the chamber, he started like the timid hare, was in the act of retreating to his dressing room, shook like an aspen, turned pale, stammered and hesitated, and at last articulated—“I beg your pardon—I am so nervous of late—you took me by surprise, as I had denied myself to every one—but I am heartily glad to see you.” He was very absent during the whole time of my visit, and started at every knock at the door. I therefore made but a short stay, and left him to recover his *sang froid* and self-possession, astonished at so unaccountable a state as that in which I found him.

Shortly afterwards, I met him in the Park; and we walked arm in arm together down Piccadilly and into St. James's Street. About midway betwixt the crossing from Arlington Street and the Palace, his countenance changed—he appeared panic struck—and hastily letting go my arm, said, “I must leave you, my dear friend; I see a fellow coming whom I want to avoid.” Then taking almost to his heels (for he marched off in double quick time), I saw him dash through a cross street into the square, flying before a mean looking rascal, who followed him until he was out of breath, and gave up the pursuit. The ensuing week, this mystery was cleared up, by Captain O— informing me, that the poor Colonel was in the Bench.

How humiliating to think that this intrepid commander should thus be the sport of fortune! that the curse of debt should thus fix a stain upon his honour, and even operate upon his courage! that he who had faced the cannon's devouring jaws of flame, dare not confront a paltry tailor, a greasy shoemaker, or a saucy usurer! that he who had put the enemies of his country to flight, must now be chased, like the driven deer, by money-lender, attorney, bum-bailiff, and merciless creditor! How can a proud man endure debt? Since it brings him instantly below the level of the meanest tradesman. And yet how do we see our nobles of the land, stoop to their importunate creditors! how does that haughtiness which disdained a while ago to fix its look upon an humble commoner, which would not link arm in arm with any thing beneath a title, nor acknowledge a fellow creature unless clad in the last folly of fashion and expence, bend to grasp the palm, to invite the company, to solicit the indulgence of a shopkeeper! What lies to keep him out of his house! What civilities, promises, and kindnesses if let in!

How, moreover, do the camelion complexion and protean features of the boutiquier change with the variability of his debtor's prosperity! how does the barometer of his impertinence rise and fall, with the improvement or declension of his customer's pocket. How free he makes with my lord, when he has him in his debt! yet what a slave is he to the rich man—in origin, perchance the basest of the base! How does that supple knee, that lowly deportment, that cringing countenance, and that pliant neck, erect themselves in pride, in insolence, and in rigour, when they pass from the solicitor for employment, to the demander of its price—when the fawning, flattering, and humble voice passes through the transition from, “Your grace does me honour,” “your lordship's commands shall be punctually obeyed,” “I am most grateful to the noble baronet for his recommendation, and shall strive to merit his future favours,” to—“Indeed, my lord, I can wait no longer,” “I must have my money,” “I have been put off so often, that I can place no reliance on promises,” (what a gross insult! less has cost a life in the field of honour,) or, “Sir George, I shall call no more,” “I shall take other steps,” “I can't be troubled any more about it,” “I have worn out more shoe leather (always a lie), than the bill is worth,” or, “Mr. Larceny, (the footman), tell your master that I shall take a writ out against him, I'm not to be trifled with thus.” Yet this same Mr. Salvage or Mr. Calico, would make sixteen bows for as many shillings the week before!

Would any man, who holds his honour, his consequence, his peace, or his independence of any value, submit to such an abasement?—We trust that the lesson may yet be of use to the novice; and that thus, the gentleman and the tradesman may each preserve his rights; for the gentleman has a right—to be respected; and the tradesman—to be paid.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—On Monday the Opera of *Fontainebleau* was performed, and a Mr. MORDAUNT made his first appearance in London as *Colonel Epaulette*. His portraiture of the *Anglo-maniac* was sufficiently *outré* without being burlesque; and so far as we can judge from so peculiar and limited a part, he is an amusing actor, and worthy of the rank to which, from the slight pretensions of his debut, he seems to aspire on the boards of the metropolis. If he has higher qualifications, he will, in consequence of his favourable reception, no doubt have opportunities of developing them anon. ELLISTON'S *Lackland* was very effective; and RUSSELL'S *Tullyho*, with Miss KELLY'S *Dolly Bull*, kept up the comic humour of the scene, which otherwise languished a little notwithstanding the musical efforts of PEARMAN, Miss CAREW, Miss POVEY, and Mrs. BLAND. We ought not, by the bye, to forget GATTIE'S *Lapoche*, a thing out of his usual line, which he managed with spirit and drollery. Not so Mr.

BUTLER'S *Sir John Bull*; the abilities of this performer, of whom we have a high opinion, were quite misplaced, and became ridiculous in this cast. We have to advise Miss CAREW and Mr. M'KEON when they sing a duet together, not always and at the same time, to turn their heads the same way. Nothing can be more ludicrous, for it is only natural to nodding mandarins on a chimney-piece.

THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.—Mr. ELLISTON, more to the honour of his heart than of his head, on Wednesday evening, with a laudable zeal, endeavoured to raise a trophy to the memory of departed talent, by performing a play under the above appellation, the last dramatic production of the pen of the long-neglected JOHN TOLIN.* This piece was originally entitled simply, “*The Fisherman*,” and in the private circles where it was read, was declared to combine the charms of poetry with the humour of farce and the interest of romance, while the dialogue and songs were praised to the echo. We fear that the experiment of Wednesday does not fully justify these panegyrics: there are certainly many poetical beauties, some good points, and a considerable degree of effect in the situations; but the dialogue rarely rises above mediocrity, the songs are mediocre, and the comic scenes not exempt from that overwhelming fault which pervades and ruins the whole; namely, the utter want of novelty. The language is a cento; the incidents familiar as day and night; and every part and character so completely mosaic, that the spectator of any separate portion might leave the theatre with the impression that he had been witnessing another and different indistinctly remembered play. That there is much taste in these selections is true, but still they are only selections, and not seldom linked together in a manner destitute of probability, and alike inconsistent with nature and with social customs.

The story of *The Fisherman's Hut* may be briefly told. A *Countess of Modena* (Mrs. WEST), called on to decide between two lovers, declares for *Rosano* (Mr. HAMBLIN), and rejects his rival *Durazzo* (Mr. PENLEY). *Durazzo* determines to carry the lady by force, on board a vessel which he has on the coast, and employs two ruffians belonging to his crew (SMITH and GATTIE), to effect that purpose. They manage the abduction, and conceal the *Countess* in a cave on the shore till a boat comes from the ship, and in the meantime quarrel about her jewels, and lose a diamond necklace in their struggle. This trinket is found by *Nicolino*, the fisherman (Mr. HARLEY), and sold by him at a very

* We may state, *en passant*, that a work of considerable interest to the lovers of the drama, is on the eve of publication, in the life of *Tobin*, by a lady of well-known literary endowments. Annexed to the memoirs, we understand, are three dramatic pieces (written between the years 1794 and 1800), a tragedy, a tragi-comedy, and a farce, which sufficiently mark the progress of the author's taste, and the versatility of his powers. All his dramas (fourteen in number) were successively offered and rejected at the theatres while he lived: since his death, several of them have been successfully acted!

inadequate price to *Balthazar*, a Jew (Mr. DOWTON), with whose daughter, *Leah* (Miss CAREW), he is enamoured, while the old Jew tries to requite the family affection by seducing *Nicolino's* sister, *Martha* (Miss KELLY). In this virtuous purpose he has a competitor in *Stephano*, a Judge, (Mr. MUNDEN), and these comprehend the entire dramatic personæ. On the loss of the lady, the crier is commendably sent with a description of her person and dress, and the offer of a reward for the disclosure of her fate. The Jew, hearing the necklace particularized, denounces his "dear friend" *Nicolino*, as the despoiler, and he is brought before the Judge, who, disbelieving his account, allows him liberty till sunset, to produce the lady or suffer death. He does find her in the cave, but in releasing her, encounters *Durazzo* and his gang, who again carry her off. The ship is, however, struck with a thunderbolt and blown up, when the conspirators drag their prize to a castle. Here they are attacked and conquered, *Durazzo* disgraced, and the true lovers made happy. A sort of underplot seduces the Judge and the Jew, severally disguised as Jew and Judge, to intrigue with *Martha*, who contrives to expose them to general derision in the mid-tempest of their sensual and ridiculous pursuit. This scene, notwithstanding the antiquity of its model, so capable of ludicrous effect, went off quite feebly; and the only genuinely comic bit we had to amuse us was a previous interview between the same characters (MUNDEN and DOWTON), in which they agreed to save *Nicolino* for the sake of his sister. All the rest was, we are sorry to be compelled to say, flat and unprofitable. There is hardly stuff enough for a tolerable afterpiece, and far less for a regular play. As we presume the *Fisherman's Hut* will not stand over a week or fortnight, we shall not dilate on its improprieties and absurdities; on the hand-dandy intimacy between an old Jew pilferer and a high-stationed Judge,—the insecurity of a prison cave, into which any body could go, but from which the person confined could not walk out,—the legal expedient of sending a strongly suspected culprit on a knight-errant adventure, to demonstrate his own innocence,—the singing off of guards as one would whistle off falcons, and a number of other inconsistencies unnecessary to notice in a piece which possesses so small a chance of longevity. The annexed songs will show what the music was made off;—an air by Miss POVEY, sung behind the scenes as the Countess in the cave, was the only thing which struck us, as being sweetly composed (by REEVE), and as sweetly sung.

SONG BY NICOLINO.

Most fish that inhabit the sea,
With my net I can take now and then,
Yet how much more skilful is he,
Who can thrive as a fisher of men;
For tho' some are simple as dace,
And greedy as gudgeons a few,
Yet I fancy that is not the case
With a lawyer, a maid, or a Jew.
Your lawyer, some say, is a shark,
Yet he preys both by land and by water,
And perhaps 'twould be nearer the mark,
If we dubb'd him a black alligator.

To catch him, there is but one rule,
A rogue can best hamper his brother,
And they tell me, like pike in a pool,
Your lawyers will bite one another.

In cunning a Jew has no match,
He'll slip through your hands like an eel;
And maids are still harder to catch,
When of youth the first blushes they feel;
But with patience an angler must wait,
Till older and older they grow,
When, like trouts, they'll all rise at his bait,
Tho' a feather's the very first throw.

SONG BY BALTHAZAR.

When I was a very little boy
And sat on my father's knee,
He call'd me his darling, his pride, and his joy,
And my pretty *Balthazar*, said he,
Whilst you live be more willing to borrow
than lend,
For the world is a scramble for pelf,
And tho' you should now and then think of
your friend,
You must always remember yourself.
So I look'd something roguish, but made no
reply,
Yet my father was pleas'd with the turn of
my eye,
And my dear mother said,
As she patted my head,
I think that *Balthazar* will do by and bye.

SONG BY LEAH.

Would you Fortune's minions be
Mariners, come, follow me!

DIALOGUE.

I, in darkest night, can peep
Twenty fathoms in the deep,
With my piercing eye can sound,
Where no plummet e'er touch'd ground;
And all things at bottom see—
Mariners, come, follow me!

DIALOGUE.

I will show you precious store,
Cast from wrecks upon the shore;
Lead you to each secret shell
Where a precious pearl doth dwell;
And if diamonds you would see
Mariners, come, follow me!

This last was delightfully given by Miss CAREW, and a subsequent duet between her and HARLEY was encored. A smart but too egotistical Epilogue delivered by ELLISTON, and Mistresses EDWIN and ORGER, all about the alterations in the House, the new management, &c. was highly relished by the audience, and indeed boasted several good jokes: but the concluding appeal to John Bull, could not obtain a favourable verdict on the Drama—the laugh was given to the Epilogue—the decision against the *Fisherman's Hut*.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Alexander the Great*, "with all appropriate splendour," according to the bills, was revived here on Monday, and a Mr. AMHERST, known heretofore by an unsuccessful effort at the Haymarket, and by being the tragic hero of *Margate*, &c., appeared for the first time at a regular winter theatre, as the chief personage in the play. He chose, we think, a bad part for his debut. *Alexander* affords the least possible scope for discrimination and the display of skill; so that if the actor possessed ever so much of taste and judgment, he is debarred from all opportunity of developing

his talents before the audience. It did not, however, appear to us that Mr. AMHERST was highly gifted with these qualities, or indeed with the other requisites which entitle a man to assume the lead of tragedy, especially in so large a house. His voice is comparatively feeble and untuneable, his action without grace and variety, his countenance the reverse of expressive, and his person devoid of dignity. He had also to struggle against many disadvantages, being most cruelly beaten down by a small portion of the spectators, who, we do not say unreasonably, disapproved of his pretensions. But assuredly, he did not seem to have a liberal trial; and nothing but great zeal and perseverance could have borne him up to the end, in despite of the disheartening mockeries of various kinds, so profusely directed against his performance. Often when the action, had it not been too frequently repeated, was perfectly appropriate, his adversary echoed the clasp of his hands, and a series of clapping run round: his stamps were replied to with grunts, and his most passionate declamation with bursts of laughter. Thus depressed, he closed his brief career upon these boards, and though we cannot but condemn the manner of his condemnation, we must at the same time confess a justice. The daily press having exercised its horrible pleasure in mangling his body after execution, we shall only write his epitaph—*Requiescat in Pace*.

The failure of the principal always, to a certain extent, affects the secondary characters, and MACREADY as *Clytus*, TERRY as *Cassander*, ARBOTT as *Lysimachus*, fell short of producing those effects which they would have done, with such an *Alexander* as COWLEY, for example, whose manly form and excellent delineation, rendered the Macedonian madman more palatable than any of his recent personators. Mrs. BURN, *Roxana*, and Mrs. FAUCIT, *Statira*, did their best, we believe; but these eastern princesses are only equally disagreeable in the opposite ways of imperious rant and mawkish sentiment, and no acting can render them pleasing.

TUESDAY.—*Love in a Village*, with Miss TREE as *Rosetta*, requires only this short notice, that the heroine improves her hold upon the ears of her auditors, by every new display of her uncommonly sweet voice. Many of her notes bear a striking resemblance to those of Mrs. BLAND, and a finer organ, so musical, so flexible, so richly-toned can hardly be desired. Her youth and personal charms are also much in her favour, and it is evident that she has already won the general assent, so as to bode a lasting and delightful professional career.

SURREY THEATRE.—After a season of unexampled diligence, and we hope commensurate success, this very superior little theatre has just closed. The versatility and fertility of Mr. T. Dibdin's talents were never more amply unfolded than they have been during its continuance, and his multifarious productions seem to prove that the mine of mind is indeed inexhaustible, and will yield the more the more it is wrought. The com-

cluding address, spoken by Mr. D. contained nothing beyond the usual thanks for the past, and professions (on which the past justifies our reliance) for the future.

THE COBURG THEATRE has also closed: we know little of its merits or demerits; except that its companies (behind the curtain and before) are of a very miscellaneous order—that it is a pretty looking theatre with indifferent performances; and, when we have visited it, very queer sorts of audiences.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, late the Sans Pareil, has opened under new management, with a corps including several good actors. The newspapers speak tolerably well of its commencement.

VARIETIES.

UNNOTICED COINCIDENCE.—It is well known that Dryden, the poet, indulged in the speculations of judicial astrology. An account is preserved of his having calculated the nativity of his son Charles, and named three periods of his life as pregnant with danger: at five, twenty-one, and thirty-three. At the first of these, young Dryden narrowly escaped with his life, from a garden-wall falling on him; the second, he fell from a fearful height in the Vatican, was taken up for dead, but recovered; at the third he was drowned in the Thames. This story is somewhere related in detail, we write it generally and from recollection, but we mention it to suggest the probability of the author of *Guy Rannering* having made it the foundation of his story.

ANECDOTE.—Not long ago one of Kotzebue's plays was acted at Constantinople, by some German amateurs, part of whom were dressed as Musselmans. The Turks considering this as an insult to their religion, rushed in and violently put an end to the performance.

A letter from Berlin states, that His Majesty the King of Prussia has determined to erect a monument on the tomb of Blucher. Two invalids will be appointed to guard it.

From a Paris Paper.—Some Englishmen having lately breakfasted at a coffee-house in the Champs-Élysées, left on the table a number of pamphlets, entitled, *On the Reading of the Bible, and Truth of the Facts related in the Scripture, &c.* They even distributed copies to the persons whom they met in the streets. Who are these new instructors? Are they Methodists, or Members of some Bible Society? But this we are rather inclined to doubt, for to the two pamphlets above mentioned, they occasionally added a third, entitled: *The deplorable fate of Mr. S. N., a young man who died in Westminster in 1692, in the most dreadful torments for having in mature age mocked the religion, which in his childhood he ardently embraced.*—Assuredly it is not by such examples that proselytes are made now-a-days. Ask the Missionaries!

ANECDOTE.—It is frequently affirmed that a dramatic writer should be a man of wit and information. This is true, as a general rule, but there are some happy exceptions. For instance there is in Paris a celebrated

manufacturer of dramatic productions, whose trade thrives, and produces him an annual income of seven or eight thousand francs. The following anecdote will afford some idea of the extent of his information. A party of gentlemen were enumerating the monarchs of France who had received the surname of Great; Henry the Great, Louis the Great, &c. when the author above mentioned, who chanced to be present, exclaimed, Was there ever such injustice? Surely you will not refuse to say *Charlemagne the Great*? How! rejoined one of the party, stupified with amazement, are you not aware that Charlemagne is a compound word signifying Charles the Great!—The above conversation actually took place in the *Café des Variétés*.

STEAM HOT-HOUSES.—A friendly correspondent, referring to the paragraph in our last respecting Lord Powis's steam Hot-houses, says we are mistaken in supposing this to be a new principle, as Steam has long been used with the greatest success in forcing fruit. He mentions a gentleman in South Lambeth, who has some fine houses heated in this way: the practice, however, is certainly not yet common, and these instances only proving its expediency and value, will, we presume be information to many of our readers. In giving a regular temperature to manufacturing establishments, we have ourselves witnessed steam pipes advantageously used.

JUSTICE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—Copied from the Protocol kept by his Majesty himself in the cause of The Miller Arnold. "For you must know that the meanest peasant, nay what is still more, that the beggar is as much a man as his Majesty, and to whom all justice must be done; as in the eyes of justice all men are alike, whether it may be a Prince who makes a complaint against a peasant, or the contrary; the Prince is, before justice, the same as the peasant, and on such occasions, strict justice must be done without respect to persons. The tribunals have to judge by this rule alone, and where they do not administer justice without respect to persons, and to ranks, but lose sight of natural equity, they shall have to do with his Majesty. For, a tribunal that acts unjustly is more dangerous and worse than a gang of thieves against whom people can defend themselves; but against rogues who make use of the mantle of justice to indulge their wicked passions, no man can defend himself: they are worse than the greatest villains in the world, and deserve a double punishment." Berlin, December 11th, 1779. (signed) FREDERICK.

There are at present to be seen at Vienna, some curiosities, rare in Europe, which Mr. Sieber collected in Egypt. Besides several mummies, he has many subjects of natural history, a collection of Scarabæes. These insects he had killed in spirits of wine and carefully preserved. Yet on unpacking these things at Vienna, one of these beetles, which in its native country finds its subsistence on the date-tree, was still alive, though more than a year had elapsed since it was packed up in Egypt.

DUTCH WINES.—One of the principal branches of industry at Rotterdam is the making of wine, in the preparation of which scarcely any thing except foreign wine is employed. The people of Rotterdam, though they are in general no friends to prohibitive laws, have addressed a petition to the government, praying that the importation of foreign wines may be forbidden, in order to encourage national manufactures.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER, 1819.

Thursday, 14.—Thermometer from 43 to 62. Barometer from 30.29 to 30.34.

Wind SW. 4. and NNW. 1. — Generally cloudy.

Friday, 15.—Thermometer from 44 to 59. Barometer from 30.48 to 30.53.

Wind NE. 1. Morning overcast, the rest of the day generally clear.

Saturday, 16.—Thermometer from 39 to 56. Barometer from 30.45 to 30.36.

Wind NW. 2.—Generally cloudy, till the evening, when it became clear.

Sunday, 17.—Thermometer from 37 to 50. Barometer from 30.31 to 30.39.

Wind N. 2.—Generally clear.—From about 8 till 9 o'clock in the evening, the Aurora Borealis was very bright.

Monday, 18.—Thermometer from 36 to 54. Barometer 30.40 stationary.

Wind N. 1.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 19.—Thermometer from 27 to 58. Barometer from 30.31 to 30.30.

Wind NE. 4. and SW. 4. — Generally cloudy.

Wednesday, 20.—Thermometer from 32 to 56. Barometer from 29.58 to 29.76.

Wind S. 43.—Cloudy—rain at times.

On Sunday 24th, at 9 hours, 18 minutes, 13 seconds, clock time, the third satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philo-Kean's letter proves that we are equally impartial in our commendations and our censures of that able but ill-advised actor, as the occasion calls for praise or disapprobation. That is the only reason why the Literary Gazette possesses the weight which our correspondent attributes to it; and if he looks to our strictures on other subjects and performers, he will find that neither applause nor reproof run in an undeviating stream through our pages, but that we very frequently, not only in different papers, but in the same No. speak very oppositely of the same persons and things, as opposite qualities in various parts in either seem to demand.

The lines entitled *The Manchester Trumpeter*, and commencing

"Arms and the man I sing," who fell Discord Instead of Harmony produced;

The savage trumpeter of that horde Who th' name of soldier have traduced.

cannot be inserted in the Literary Gazette.

J. L. is informed, that Title-pages for the Literary Gazette are always delivered gratis, on application at our office. We have not yet been able to devise means of sending them to our Subscribers who receive their papers by post, but are always happy to fulfil their wishes in any way convenient to them.

* * The Third Quarterly Part for the present year is now ready for delivery, and may be had at every respectable Bookseller's or Newsmen's.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Mr. Weel's Exhibition.

THE great Picture DEATH of the PALE HORSE, Christ Rejected, St. Peter's First Sermon, the Brazen Serpent, St. Paul and Barnabas turning to the Gentiles, with several Pictures and Sketches on Scriptural Subjects, are now Exhibiting under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, at No. 125, Pall Mall, near Carlton House, every day from ten till five. C. SMART, Secretary.

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